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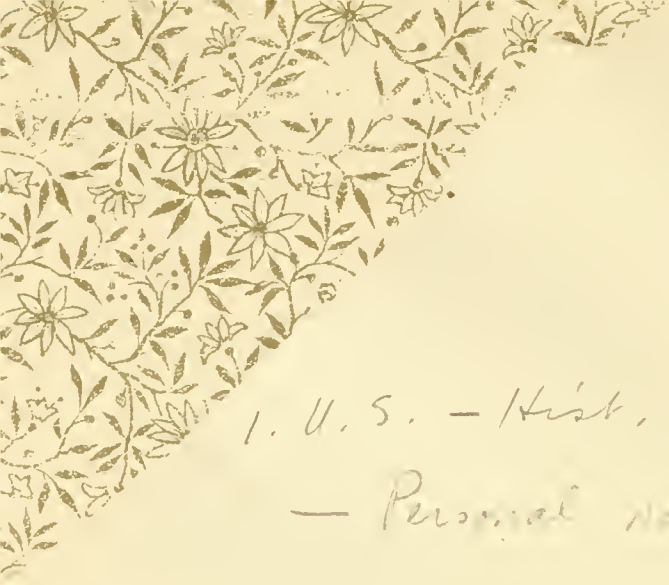
CAMPAIGNING WITH BANKS AND SHERIDAN



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— Personal narratives

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Lieut.-Col. A. Mc. Clark-

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CAMPAIGNING WITH BANKS

IN LOUISIANA, '63 AND '64.

AND WITH

SHERIDAN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

IN '64 AND '65.

BY

FRANK M. FLINN.

(Second Edition.)

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W. B. CLARKE & CO.
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PREFACE.

THIS book is intended to bring before the Public the campaign in Louisiana and the short but decisive campaign in the Valley under Sheridan. It is not a history of any particular regiment or corps, but is a true and faithful account of the movements of the armies under command of Generals N. P. BANKS and P. H. SHERIDAN; therefore, I have not mentioned the special brilliant charge of any one regiment, knowing that each and every one did their part as they were ordered. I have left out a great deal of fun and amusement, but it happened just the same, for if there ever was fun it was in the army.

The reader can rely on the historical correctness of the book as near as any one individual can tell the story of three years' campaign.

I will here take the opportunity to return my thanks to comrades of the different regiments and corps for the use of diaries, without which this book could not have been published. Especial thanks are due Colonel

Charles H. Taylor, manager of the *Boston Globe*, for it is greatly due to him that this history saw light; and as "the object of the expedition is accomplished," I will commit the book to your care, and remain,

Yours truly,

In Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, and Sobriety,

F. M. Flinn,
Lynn, Mass.

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CAMPAIGNING WITH BANKS.

CHAPTER I.

An Unwritten Part of the History of the War. — Scenes and Incidents of Soldier-Life in the Department of the Gulf. — From the Bay State to Baltimore: a Vivid Story.

IN August, 1862, I found myself a high private in Company E, Thirty-eighth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, in camp at Lynnfield. As soon as the regiment was fully equipped, in the same month, it was ordered to Baltimore, Md., where it went into camp and entered upon that severe drill which stood it in such good need in those severe engagements in which it participated during its three years' term of service.

An amusing episode occurred soon after the regiment arrived in Baltimore. An order was received by the Colonel to drill the regiment in reversed arms, as their services would probably be needed as a funeral escort for a General who was supposed to be dying. The regiment drilled two days, when some fool told the dying

General what the regiment was doing, when he got mad and refused to die. Although the boys lost the fun of escorting him to the grave, yet they were credited with saving the General's life — and it was the only General's life they did save during the war. In October, the regiment was attached to the Third Brigade, Third Division, Gen. W. H. Emory commanding, Col. Timothy Ingraham, Acting Brigade Commander.

Lieut.-Col. David K. Wardwell of Stoneham, Mass., took charge of the regiment, and looked after battalion drills and dress parades.

During the first week in November, 1862, an order came for all the troops in and around Baltimore to go on board transports and proceed to Fortress Monroe, Va. But it was not until the 9th that the troops got ready to embark. This order created considerable speculation among the soldiers, and their relatives and friends, as to their destination. All that could be learned about it was that it was a secret expedition. Numerous places were assigned by the boys as to its probable destination, and Port Royal, Savannah, Texas and Mobile were named.

On Monday, the 10th of November, the troops embarked and proceeded to Fortress Monroe, the Thirty-eighth being assigned to Gen. Emory's flagship, the *Baltic*, on which they were quartered until the expedition reached Ship Island in the Gulf.

The *Baltic* reached Fortress Monroe on the 12th of November. For nearly a month the troops remained on shipboard in Hampton Roads, occasionally going on shore to drill and bathe.

While lying here a laughable incident occurred which will never be effaced from the minds of those who took part in it. One day the regiment was ordered to take their clothes and a piece of soap and go on shore and wash them. Espying a creek near the town of Hampton, the boys made for it, and taking it for granted that the water was fresh, they commenced their washing. Some would rub the soap on the clothes, and then attempt to wash them. Neither the dirt, gray-backs nor soap would budge, when presently a soldier thought to taste the water. He laughed, gathered up his clothes and began moving to the rear. The rest soon caught on, and with looks of supreme contempt on their countenances they turned their backs to the creek, and some, shall we say it, "swore rite out in meetin'," just as though they were accustomed to it, and knew every expressive adjective in Webster's Unabridged. But the boys had learned a lesson that army soap and salt water had no affinity for each other.

An incident going to show the love which the contractors had for the Government and soldiers was witnessed here. The fleet was nearly ready to sail, when Gen. Emory ordered an inspection of the commissary stores. As a result of the inspection on board of the *Baltic* alone, ten barrels of beef and pork were found unfit for use and thrown into the sea, and numerous cases of hard tack were found wormy and moldy, and were also consigned to the sea. Some thought it was a pity to throw these stores into the sea, as Gen. Banks might have saved them to feed the rebels with and saved an equal

amount of good provisions which he supplied them with at Brashear City, La.

On Thursday morning, December 8, 1862, there was every indication that Banks' secret expedition was about to sail for its destination. The fleet was divided into two divisions — one of six steamers, including the flagship *Baltic* and the convoy gunboat *Augusta*, the other of seven steamers, the *Atlantic* being the flagship, and accompanied by a steam gunboat. The fleet was composed in all of about fifty steamers, a part of which rendezvoused at New York. The number of troops was 10,000. On the *Baltic* were Gen. Emory and staff. Gen. Banks and staff were on the *North Star* with the Forty-first Massachusetts, and the Thirty-eighth Regiment. The vessels of the first division got under way about 10 o'clock, one following after another until all had left of both divisions, except the steamer *Baltic.* At 4 o'clock P. M., the *Baltic* weighed anchor, and thus Banks' expedition was under way.

Great things were expected of this expedition at the North, and the greatest secrecy as to its destination was observed. A padlock was put on every officer's lips, and it was considered a criminal offence subject to court-martial, even to guess as to its destination. An officer came very near being shot by using his prerogative as a Yankee, and asking Gen. Banks what destination they were going to, and whether he should take light or heavy clothing. The old fox was not to be trapped in that way, however, and replied: "Take both, sir." It was indeed a secret expedition to all engaged in it below

the rank of General, and as well to the people of the North. But the joke of it was the rebels knew all about it from its inception, and were all the time laughing in their sleeves at the precautions taken to keep the knowledge from them. They rather liked the change of Banks for Butler, so they made no attempt to sink the fleet, feeling sure that Banks alive and within their territory would be of more value to the Confederacy than making him food for powder or fishes.

How laughable it seems now with what jealousy the officers kept the secret of the destination of the fleet from the men, even after the fleet had put to sea. Possibly they were afraid that some indiscreet soldier might put the secret in his letter, which he intended to send home after arriving at their destination, and thus the rebels be let into the secret through the Northern press.

The between decks were fitted up with bunks for the soldiers, and here were stowed one thousand men and millions of gray-backs. It was a struggle between the men and gray-backs which should occupy the bunks. It was a drawn battle.

The weather had been fine up to the time we sighted the North Carolina coast, when it began to blow along in the afternoon, and kept on increasing after the sun went down. We were off Hatteras Inlet and in for a regular norther. Everything was made secure in preparation for the gale. It rained in torrents and the sea was running so high that the steamer had to heave to. At midnight the gale was at its height, and the steamer rolling and pitching at a fearful rate. Now she would

rise on one of the mountainous waves, poise on its breast, and then plunge down, down, into the dark abyss of the trough of the sea. Every time she plunged down it seemed as though she would go to the bottom. But the oncoming wave would catch her under her bows, and she would come up as gracefully as a duck. The scene on board the steamer that night beggars description. Nearly every man on board was sea-sick, and vomiting, and many were frightened half out of their wits. To add to the discomfort, the fore-scuttle had been left off to provide fresh air for the men. All at once the steamer struck a tremendous sea, bows on, which came over the bows in hogsheadfuls and poured down the fore-scuttle, drenching the men in the bunks, who rushed on deck to see if the steamer was going down. The next morning the gale abated, and as the fleet had got dispersed during the gale, the *Baltic* ran north for several hours to see if there was any trace of them. Not seeing any of the fleet, except the gunboat *Augusta*, the steamer's head was pointed south again.

We had been told that the life of a soldier was a lazy one, and the life which we led on the *Baltic* seemed to confirm the statement, as the only hard duty which we had to perform was to try and eat our grub of salt-hoss and hard-tack, and drink our coffee. It was a hard duty, however. The coffee itself, was good enough, but "Big Charlie," the cook, had such a way of compounding it, that it was hard to tell where the coffee began, and the salt-hoss and pork left off.

The passage south was a fine one, and as port after

port in the Southern States was passed — Charleston, Pensacola and Mobile — the boys made up their minds that New Orleans, or Galveston, Texas, was the point of destination. But on the morning of December 13th, a long, low, sandy and God-forsaken island, called Ship Island, and off the Mississippi coast, was made out, with several vessels of the fleet hovering around it. This proved to be our stopping place, as the expedition was to go up to New Orleans, and the *Baltic* drawing too much water to cross the bar at the mouth of the river, we had to land on the island. There was a pier made out into the gulf, with storehouses upon it, and a few shanties were scattered about.

There was a lighthouse on the northern side, and Gen. Butler was building what he called a brick fort. But had one of Commodore Porter's bombs landed inside, it would have knocked sheol out of it. It was on this island that the members got the first glimpse of a real live butternut Johnny. They were Gen. Butler's prisoners, and the men gave them a thorough looking over.

The weather was balmy, and soon hundreds were enjoying the luxury of a bath in the limpid waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The regiment stayed on the island two weeks, passing Christmas here. On that day the regiment was turned over to the men with full liberty to do as they pleased, so long as they kept within the bounds of propriety. Officers were chosen, and dressed in the uniforms of the regular officers. Guard mounting took place, and all the commissioned and non-commissioned officers were

obliged to do guard duty. Several ran guard, and were sentenced to the guardhouse. Col. Ingraham was arrested for attempting to leave the camp without a pass, and taken to the guardhouse. He gave a satisfactory excuse and was released. The festivities closed with a dress parade, when the regiment was turned over to the regular officers. On the night of December 24th, the regiment went on board of transports, and started for New Orleans. The weather was fine, and the sail up the river was magnificent. This was the first time the men had a chance to see the South in all its glory, and they were intensely interested spectators of the scenes that passed in review. The large plantations of corn and sugar-cane, with the slaves that were moving about, or listlessly leaned over their hoe handles, and grinned at the troops, the orange trees laden with fruit, all had a charm for the boys.

As we approached the scene of Commodore Farragut's brilliant naval exploits at Forts Phillip and Jackson, every one was on the tip-toe of expectancy, and when we swung around the bend, every eye was strained to get a glimpse of the forts. The steamer kept steadily on her way, and soon we were cleaving the waters where Farragut's ships led the way to victory. It didn't seem possible in so narrow a pass and at so short a range, that an ironclad could have passed the forts, to say nothing about wooden hulls. As the shades of evening fell on December 31st, the glint of the light of the city of New Orleans shone above the trees. Just before midnight, with the expiring hour of the year 1862, the lights of

the city burst upon our view in the form of a crescent. The steamer proceeded to the northern part of the city, and dropped anchor. The secret of the expedition was now solved, and was no more nor less than that the great military chieftain and statesman, Nathaniel P. Banks, had been sent to relieve Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, and to inaugurate important civil and military measures. This was the secret of the Banks expedition.

CHAPTER II.

Gen. Butler's Napoleonic Farewell Address. — The Bobbin Boy Takes Command. — New Year's Day in New Orleans. — Army Life in the Swamps and Low-lands of Louisiana.

GENERAL Banks landed at New Orleans December 15th, 1862, and Gen. Butler turned over the department to him. On the same day Gen. Butler issued the following pithy address to his troops:

I greet you, my brave comrades, and say farewell. This word, endeared as you are by a community of privations, hardships, dangers, victories, successes, military and civil, is the only sorrowful thought I have. You have deserved well of your country. Without a murmur you sustained an encampment on a sand-bar so desolate that banishment to it, with every care and comfort possible, has been the most dreaded punishment inflicted upon your bitterest and most insulting enemies.

You had so little transportation, that but a handful could advance to compel submission by the Queen City of the rebellion.

Landing with a military chest containing but $75, from the hands of a rebel government you have given to your country's treasury nearly $500,000, and so supplied yourselves with the needs of your service, and your expedition has cost your government less by four-fifths than any other.

By your practical philanthropy you have won the confidence of the "oppressed race" and the slave. Hailing you as deliverer,

they are ready to aid you as willing servants, faithful laborers, or, using the tactics taught by your enemies. to fight with you in the field.

You have met the double numbers of the enemy and defeated them in the open field. But I need not farther enlarge upon the topic. You were sent here to do that.

I commend you to your commander. You are worthy of his love.

Farewell, my comrades! Again, farewell!

That was Napoleonic, surely; but then Napoleon never gushed over so small a fry. What achievements had Gen. Butler accomplished to call out such fustian as the above? He makes no mention, while landing his troops, of any battles fought upon ensanguined fields, either open or closed. That must have been a terrible engagement at Ship Island, where his troops fought to the death Uncle Sam's commissary department without a murmur, while Farragut, with his brave sailors, was opening up a way for his troops past the forts of St. Philip and Jackson. The affair of his troops at Baton Rouge was a creditable one, as also those expeditions up the Teche country. But it is a notable fact than when he issued that bombastic address he held absolute possession only of New Orleans and the immediate surrounding country. If that address had been made to the navy there would have been more sense in it. They it was who opened the river and gave Gen. Butler New Orleans, Algiers, Baton Rouge, etc., and it was only by the presence of the navy, that Gen. Butler held New Orleans.

On the following day Gen. Banks issued his proclamation assuming command of the department. It was a namby-pamby document in comparison with the one issued by Gen. Butler. Banks patted the rebels upon the back and told them what good fellows they were; that he did n't want to hurt them, and that the Government did n't want to free the slaves, if Benjamin Butler did say so; that if they would only come back into the family of States again and promise to be good boys, and keep still while his troops stole their cotton, why then the past would be forgiven, the fatted calf, if any were left, would be killed, and everything would be lovely. But the rebels knew what chaff was, whether coming from a statesman or General. They did n't bite worth a cent: they seemed to know better than Gen. Banks the kind of treatment they deserved. The proclamation had the contrary effect desired, and considerable disorder took place, when Gen. Banks was forced to promulgate Gen. Butler's stringent orders in order to bring the rebels under subjection.

On the morning of January 1st, 1863, the men of the transports of New Orleans were astir early to get a glimpse of the Queen City of the South. The city lay before us in peacefulness and quiet, and no one would for a moment suppose that two hostile parties occupied it, that it was held by one party only by the sword; but such was the fact. At noon the steamer weighed anchor and headed up the stream, and after a pleasant sail of five miles, came to anchor off Carrollton, a suburban town of New Orleans. Here the troops debarked

and went into camp on a plantation which had formerly been occupied as a rebel camping-ground. The rebels must have left it in a hurry when Farragut came up the river with his gunboats, for they forgot to take their gray-backs with them, but left them as a legacy for the Yankees. If Gen. Butler had been slow in his operations, the gray-backs had not, for the ground was covered with them, some of them being as large as a good-sized kernel of wheat, and the boys swore that they had the C. S. A. stamp upon their backs. But there was no need of the rebels being so generous, as every officer and man had drawn his full quota of Uncle Sam's gray-backs while on board of the transport, and the frequent picking matches had made no perceptible diminution in their number when the troops landed.

New Year's day found the Thirty-eighth, with the other troops, settled down among the swamps and lowlands of Louisiana — those two inseparable adjuncts of their army life in that State, and with which, through the efficiency of the medical department, they were to become so familiar. It was here that the troops entered upon that constant drilling, by regiment, brigade and division, which later elicited the praise of Gen. Banks, given to the Thirty-eighth and One Hundred and Sixteenth New York Regiments, but which filled the hospitals with sick men, and materially reduced the effectiveness of the army.

The tents had hardly been pitched when the boys of the Thirty-eighth espied an orange grove, the trees of which were full of fruit. A rush was made for the

grove, and so eager were the boys to get the fruit that they did not stop to taste of it until they had their haversacks full. The fruit was fair to look upon, but when the boys attempted to eat some of it — ye gods! lemons were sweet as sugar in comparison to them. The boys thought it was but right that the officers should have some of the fruit, so they gave some of the finest to them. The faces that they made up, when they undertook to eat them, would have made fine embellishments for a comic almanac.

The troops had been landed at Carrollton but a few weeks when a cold spell set in, and froze water that was in the bog-holes, and the men gathered around the cooks' camp-fires with over and under-coats on, and earlier in the day with blankets over these, to keep warm. The natives swore that the troops brought the Northern weather with them, as they never saw it so cold before.

In January, 1863, Gen. Wetzel planned an expedition to Berwick Bay from Thibodeaux, for the purpose of cleaning out the rebels in that section, and to capture the rebel gunboat, *J. A. Cotton*, which was known to be lurking somewhere in the Bayou Teche. This gunboat had become the terror of the Union men in that part of the country, and Gen. Wetzel wanted to make her acquaintance. The expedition consisted of six regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, a company of sharpshooters, two full batteries and two sections of batteries, some six thousand troops in all. Added to this there were four gunboats under the command of Commodore

Buchanan. To oppose this force, according to a rebel account, there were eleven hundred men, two batteries and the gunboat *Cotton*, and one or two other gunboats.

It was a hotly contested fight on both sides, and Commodore Buchanan was among the killed. The gunboat *Cotton* was set on fire by the rebels on the morning after the fight, and drifted into our hands.

"The object of the expedition having been accomplished," the troops were marched back to their old camping in the swamps around Thibodeaux, bringing with them a large number of horses, cattle and mules, which they found in that country. But so far as any real progress in occupying the enemy's country was concerned, and which they could easily have done as far as New Iberia, they were just where the expedition started from. But this was not the only expedition that did not come up to the high-sounding manifesto. What makes it look cheap is the fact that our side had six men to the rebels' one, and it was a drawn battle.

February 10th, orders were received to march on board the steamer, and we land at Plaquemine, to open the Bayou; but it turned out to be a molasses candy expedition, as while encamped at Plaquemine, the troops borrowed all the molasses they could find in the place; and although it rained just as it did in the days of Noah, only a little harder, yet over every camp-fire was a kettle of molasses, and along in the morning the boys were busily engaged doing three things at once — swearing, pulling candy, and trying to pull their brogans out of the Southern soil, which was knee-deep in spots. The

object of this expedition being accomplished — the Lord only knows what that was — the troops returned to Carrollton, and another perilous undertaking was over, and another address of "My brave comrades" was in order. Again the same old manœuvreing of drilling and keeping out of the mud and from other disadvantages was resumed.

On February 26th, so reduced had become the regiments from sickness and hard drilling, that a "rest" was granted the men for the day. But the Brigade Commander, fearing that the troops would forget how to handle a gun if they were given so long a rest, in the afternoon gave an order for them to drill as skirmishers. The men of the Thirty-eighth drilled especially in the movement of "lying down," and they became proficient in the movement before the troops were recalled. This order cemented the love which the men of the Third Brigade had for their beloved Commander, and his ears must have tingled while the boys were passing around their compliments in regard to him.

The first week in March, the troops were ordered to Baton Rouge. On the day that the camp was to be struck, and when half of the tents were down, one of those gentle showers for which the sunny South is noted set in. It was none of your ordinary showers, but the rain came down solidly; the camp-ground was flooded, and mud — well talk about Virginia mud, it was nothing to this. The men had to strap their shoes on to keep them, and walked with arms outstretched, for fear of sinking in the mud out of sight. The camp was struck,

but two feet away it was hard to tell where the dividing line was between him and the ground, the soldiers were so covered with mud. For once the blue had donned the gray.

On the 7th of March, the troops arrived at Baton Rouge, and found everything betokening a forward movement. The town was full of troops of every arm of the service. The river in front of the town was full of gunboats, mortar boats and transports. The famous ironclad *Essex* was with the fleet, and received the greatest share of attention. The signal corps, from their towers, were signalling despatches and orders.

Light marching order, was what the order said, but it made the old soldiers laugh when they were told to pack their dress coats and all other articles, except blankets and overcoats, and a change of clothing. The contrabands wore a broad grin on their faces as they went out and in among "Massa Lincoln's" troops, and the *Essex* was their wonder and delight.

On the 12th of March, the division was reviewed by Generals Banks and Emory, accompanied with brilliant staffs. Admiral Farragut was also present. This was the first time that the division had been drawn up in line all together, and it was a magnificent sight. It was a beautiful day, and the evolutions were upon the whole creditable. It was upon this occasion that Gen. Banks complimented the Thirty-eighth and One Hundred and Sixteenth New York Regiments, which compliment soured Col. Gooding of the Thirty-first Massachusetts Regiment, who was in command of the Brigade.

Gen. Banks said, after rebuking certain officers of other regiments, the Thirty-first being among the number, and which had been a year longer than the Thirty-eighth in the department: "The General commanding cannot forbear pointing to the marked contrast indicated in the same reports concerning the condition of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment and the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York Regiment, enlisted at about the same time, but carried by the zeal of their officers beyond the reach of this pernicious influence." At another time Gen. Banks made the remark, in the hearing of the Brigade Commander, that the Thirty-eighth and One Hundred and Sixteenth New York Regiments were the only regiments, so far as he could see, that were drilling with any expectation of meeting the enemy. Col. Gooding was said to have made the remark: "If that is so I'll give those regiments all the fighting that they will want," and the boys, in view of what transpired afterward, believe to this day that Col. Gooding kept that promise, if he never kept any other.

At six o'clock on the evening of March 13th, orders came to fall in. The sick, and some who thought themselves sick, were sent to the hospital, and the regiments composing the three divisions were put in fighting trim. As this was another secret expedition, and one which was supposed to mean fight, there was considerable conjecture as to its destination among the boys. There was some talk of sending a committee to the rebels to try and get them to disclose where, and what the movement portended, but the suggestion came too late.

Gen. Grover had command of the First Division, and his troops broke camp at 4 P.M., and took the road leading up the river. Gen. Emory had command of the Second Division, which had orders to leave at 7 P.M. The Third Division was under command of Gen. Augur, and was not to leave until 3 o'clock on the following morning. The men were in fine spirits, and as they moved out of the town they indulged in hearty cheers and songs. As the Thirty-eighth passed Gen. Dudley's headquarters, the General was standing on the stoop. Noticing what regiment it was that was passing, he said, "Men of the Thirty-eighth, keep cool, obey orders and fire low." The boys gave him three cheers in answer. After the troops had been on the march for two hours, orders came to secure every canteen, tin cup and pan, so as not to make any noise. The men were to talk in a low voice for fear that the rebels, twenty-five miles away, might hear and know that we were coming.

The line of march led through dense woods on each side of the road, shutting out the light of the stars and making the road pitchy dark. The march was kept up until midnight, with frequent halts, when the welcome bugles sounded a halt, and the army went into camp for the night. But the men were too hungry to sleep, and soon the camp-fires were burning brightly, and the midnight air was laden with the perfumes of old government Java. The members of the Third Division had a streak of æstheticism in their natures, and thought that the Virginia fence which abounds in Louisiana, besides being out of line, was also out of place, and never missed

a chance to take it in. This caused a little feeling on the part of our Southern friends, and as the Third Division, on the night in question, had borrowed a fence to cook with, the owner went to headquarters and entered a complaint. The result was that an order came to take only the top rail, and the Nineteenth Corps adopted the order, and took only the top rail as each one found them, and the result was we got there just the same.

CHAPTER III.

Farragut's Fleet Before Port Hudson. — A Dreary, Tiresome March, and a Still More Dreary Night. — A Skirmish with the Rebels and a Night in a Louisiana Swamp.

AT daylight of the 14th, the march was taken up. The air was hot, and the troops were in heavy marching order, with overcoats, rubber and woolen blankets, dress coats, extra shirts, towels, brush and blacking, three days' rations, one hundred rounds of ammunition, guns and equipments, a canteen of water — just enough goods for proper housekeeping, and too many for an active campaign, especially when you had to tote them on your back.

A great many officers had purchased bullet-proof linings for their vests; but carrying an iron foundry, with the thermometer at 80° in the shade, was too much for them, and they were left on the side of the road with the rest of the useless trash.

After marching eleven miles the army deployed in line of battle. Heavy skirmish lines were formed, and the artillery unlimbered and got in position.

The headquarters of the Army Commander were in the proper place, at the house on the plantation in the rear. And there we waited. What were we here for? What next? At about midnight, the boom of a cannon and the crash of a ball through the tree tops brought every man to his feet. Rockets streamed through the air in the direction of the river and Port Hudson.

Word was passed down the line that Farragut's fleet was to make the attack on the river, and the army was to stand in line of battle, within a few miles of the fort, as an army of observation, to take no part in the achievement, while the grand old Admiral and his hardy sailors were to do the work, as they had done at Forts Jackson and Phillips. If the army had advanced, we should have taken Port Hudson without any doubt; but at that time others thought differently, and it would not have been policy to have done too much at one time, although we stood ready and willing to advance if we had the chance. We waited to receive the order from Gen. Dudley to fire low, but received no such good news. We were only to see the flashes, hear the reports, and watch the flight of the mortar shells as they took their flight upward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning. Small globes of golden flames were seen sailing through the pure ether; not a steady, unfading flame, but coruscating like the fitful gleam of a fire-fly, now variable, and anon, invisible like a flying star of the sixth magnitude. The terrible missile, a thirteen-inch shell, nears the zenith. Up, and still up, higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower,

till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becoming counteracted by the earth's attraction, it describes, it may be, ere it reaches terra firma, a grand parabola, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, when it scatters death and destruction around.

The fleet passed the head of Prophet Island, and up to the mortar boats. We knew we were near the point of danger. The rebels were expecting us, and prepared to give us a warm reception. A large fire was seen on the Port Hudson side of the river in front of the fortifications. Suddenly a rocket ascended into the air from the west bank and exploded. The alarm was given, and a shot from the rebel works was answered by a broadside from the *Hartford*. Battery after battery answered from the hillside.

The *Hartford* pushed ahead, towing the *Albatross*, the *Richmond* towed the *Genessee*, the *Monongahela* the *Kineo*, the *Mississippi* and the *Sachem* following. The darkness was intense, and the location of the enemy's batteries could be told only by the flash, and the location of the fleet, vice versa. There could be no lights on the decks, but the method of white-washing the deck gun-carriages, caused the grape shot and cannister to produce the same effect as a black hat upon snow.

The whole arena of action upon the land and upon the water was soon enveloped in a sulphurous canopy of smoke. The vessels could no longer discern each other, and it became difficult to know how to steer; as in the

gloom the only object at which they could aim was the flash of the guns, the danger became imminent. They might fire into each other. This gave the rebels great advantage, for with their stationary guns, though they fired into the darkness, they could hardly fire amiss. The *Richmond* pushed alongside the *Hartford* in the darkness, and came very near pouring a broadside into her. The mistake was discovered, but it was a narrow escape.

The *Mississippi* ran aground on the west bank, and the rebel battery, pouring an awful fire upon her, riddled her through and through. It was impossible to move her, and she was set on fire to keep her from falling into the hands of the enemy. Soon after she loosened herself and floated down the river, and the fleet, being unable to pass, slowly drifted down the stream, while the *Hartford* and the *Albatross* had pushed up and beyond the forts. And so ended the first Port Hudson campaign.

The army had stood in line of battle, in the rear of the rebel works, listening to the sound of cannon and watching the burning of the *Mississippi* as she drifted down the river, till the fire reached her magazine, which exploded, after which all was darkness. In the morning, at about 10 o'clock, the order came to take up our line of march for Baton Rouge, and that famous announcement was made that the object of the expedition had been accomplished.

In retreating we camped at the Bayou, and the march was resumed. In the middle of the afternoon it began

to rain. The roads became mud, and the gutters rivers, and our shoes were filled with water. At about 5 o'clock we reached a swamp — a dreary Louisiana swamp. We were wet to the skin, and threw off our knapsacks and equipments into the mud.

When morning came we were a half-drowned, haggard, bedraggled and hungry set; with an extra supply of wood-ticks, the army was as natural as usual. The march was resumed, and we arrived at Baton Rouge on the 21st of March. The army went into camp, and drill was resumed. Strong events were about to transpire.

Gen. W. T. Sherman had been left in command at New Orleans, and in order to guard against the movement of the enemy on the place it became necessary to put fortifications on the New Orleans and Jackson Railroads. Col. Clark of the Sixth Michigan was placed in command of a force consisting of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York, Sixth Michigan, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York, Ninth Connecticut, and Fourteenth and Twenty-fourth Maine, with orders to capture Ponchatmera, a station on the Jackson Railroad, ten miles beyond the Manchac Pass. Col. Clark's plan was to take them by surprise, attacking them on the front flank and on the rear. Col. Smith with the Zouaves, was to attack the front, and the others were to proceed up the Tickafaw River, where they were to disembark, take the enemy on the flanks and rear, and when Col. Clark reached the enemy's rear he was to give the signal for Col. Smith to commence the attack.

Monday evening, March 23d, the Zouaves began the march over the trestle works of the railroad, and a disagreeable march it was. The rails were laid on rafters six or eight feet above the level of the surrounding weeds and water. If a man made a misstep it might be his last.

Arriving at North Manchac Pass we were compelled to cross over a long bridge partly destroyed by fire by the enemy. We could hardly pick our way across. That night we encamped on the track, cold and hungry, disturbed all night by picket firing a few miles away.

At day-break the march was resumed, and at mid-day we arrived at an open tract of country. At the farther end of this open space was a thickly-wooded place, where the enemy resolved to make a stand. Soon after Col. Smith heard the signal. Col. Clark advanced with his force against the rebel position. The secessionists waited only long enough to exchange a few shots and then took refuge in the woods. None of our men were killed in the skirmish, and only a few were wounded.

The next day, the railroad bridge having been burned, Col. Clark, in accordance with orders, fell back on the railroad. That night we encamped in a swamp.

The long nights in a Louisiana swamp, the alligators that were killed, the snakes that came out of the water to see us, the mosquitoes that worried us, all of these are better imagined than described. Camping in Louisiana is very much more disagreeable than in Virginia.

CHAPTER IV.

Sailing Down the Mississippi from Baton Rouge. — Coming Into Action. — The Transports Under Terrible Fire of the Enemy. — Camp Life in the Louisiana Low-lands. — An Interesting Story.

ABOUT April 1st, 1863, the army gathered at Baton Rouge. A large fleet of transports on the river told us that the time had come when we were to start on our new expedition. It was no surprise to us when the order came for us to strike tents, and with three days' rations, to march on board the transports. We had not been in camp long enough to accumulate much furniture, so we carried very light knapsacks compared with those we had on our previous march. The time was coming when we were to learn the art of soldiering, and find how little we could get along with. Life on the transports was pleasant, and we enjoyed our sail down the Mississippi. Landing at Algiers, opposite New Orleans, a new camp was laid out. Tents were pitched, and drilling went on as usual. Regiments continued to arrive every day, and soon the plains of Algiers were white with the tents of Emory's division. Here, for the first time since its organization, the regimental camp-guard was dispensed with, and the men were allowed a

little liberty to look around and see the country they were fighting for. They did not abuse the confidence thus reposed in them by their officers, as may be inferred from the fact that no regimental guard was placed around the Thirty-eighth after that time, and even when other regiments were confined to strict camp-limits, Lieut.-Col. Richardson allowed his command, when off duty, to roam anywhere within sound of the bugle, and when stationed near a town or city, gave leave of absence when it did not conflict with orders from higher authorities.

At this time the Forty-seventh Massachusetts was doing garrison duty in New Orleans, and its members having many acquaintances in the Thirty-eighth, visited them often. The contrast between the nicely-fitting home-made uniforms of the Forty-seventh boys and the shoddy affairs made by the contractors to the Thirty-eighth, was a source of much amusement to the members of the latter regiment. In the field, clothing was a matter of little importance, but when a haversack strap or a knapsack buckle broke at the beginning of a long march, or the sole came off a shoe at a slight stumble, which very often happened, the comments on the patriotism of those who provided for the wants of the army were more expressive than elegant.

Although New Orleans and Algiers had been in Union hands for over a year, the feeling was still bitter toward the North. A single incident will illustrate this feeling: G. W. Powers, of Company F, was strolling through the streets the day before Easter, looking at the objects

of interest. As he passed a small church, the sound of Easter hymns floated out on the air, and not having been inside of a church for many months, and the sweet music bringing memories of home to his mind, he stepped inside, and stood near the door listening respectfully. The choir was engaged in a rehearsal under the direction of a gentleman whose white cravat and clerical air bespoke the minister. Suddenly the singers caught sight of the blue uniform, and the music instantly ceased. Following the direction of their glances the clergyman cast what he evidently intended to be a withering look on the unwelcome spectator. A silence ensued. Then the soldier asked if he was intruding.

"Yes," was the reply, in a very curt tone. Apologizing for the unintentional intrusion, the visitor retreated, followed to the door by the chivalrous clergyman, who probably took precaution to prevent any more blue uniforms from intruding while his choir was singing the anthems of peace on earth and good will to men.

At 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 9th, the reveille woke the sleeping camp. Tents were struck and by 7 o'clock the regiment was on board of the cars bound for the interior of Louisiana. For eighty miles we rode on platform and baggage cars, through the lowlands of Louisiana. For a long distance we ran through a dense cyprus swamp, such a one as we had not seen before. It was like a wall of vegetation, almost, on each side, and through the leaves we could see dark bayous and black pools. Alligators several feet long lay on logs or in the water. Snakes, single or in coils, lay basking in

the sun. There were turtles and lizards by the barrel, and the trees were draped with the peculiar Southern moss. The road was guarded by the New York and Connecticut Regiments, and we did not envy them their pleasant job. A little after noon the train arrived at Brashear City. For fear the readers may dwell on the idea that Brashear City is a large one, I will say at once that it is not. It consists of a few houses, a dilapidated wharf, and lots of mud. The regiment embarked on the gunboat *Clifton*, accompanied by Gen. Banks and staff. In my first chapter I said that he was on the *Baltic*, but it was on the *Clifton*. Landing at Berwick, we went into camp. Suddenly every regiment was called into line, an order read that all men not able to go on a long march should report to the surgeon immediately, and the army should be reduced to strong, active service. In the meantime reports were coming in that the enemy was strongly fortified at Bisland. The Union gunboat *Diana*, under command of Capt. Peterson, was ordered to take two companies of infantry to find if the enemy had received reinforcements of infantry. Capt. Peterson was to go no further than a point where a bayou from Grand Lake unites with the Atchafalaya, west of Pattersonville. Not content with this, he determined to carry his observation into the very midst of the enemy's stronghold. The expedition proved fatal to him. Moving cautiously along the bayou, within half a mile of Pattersonville, on the upper side, four of the rebel cavalry suddenly came within range, and galloped along the level road. A shell was fired at them from the

Diana without effect. They continued retreating till they reached the main body of cavalry, which had been concealed behind a sugar-house. Upon discovering this fort, every gun on the *Diana* was brought upon the enemy, and shot and shell were poured into their ranks. While the attention of the gunboat was directed to this force, a battery of four pieces was heard in a neighboring corn-field, at no greater distance than twenty yards from the boat, where a most active cannonading was at once commenced.

At this time Capt. Peterson, while standing on the deck, on the starboard side of the pilot-house, giving orders to his men, received a ball in his breast, which prostrated him to the deck. His only words were: "I am a dead man!" He never spoke again.

Master Mate Doliver, while working one of the Dahlgren cannons, was instantly killed. It was evident that the enemy was trying to pick off our men from the larger guns. Mr. Mumford, having charge of the Parrott gun in the bow, had been killed. A perfect hail-storm of bullets was showered upon those who were stationed forward. Accordingly these pieces were abandoned, and from that time all firing ceased on board the *Diana*. The upper decks of the boats were riddled, and the wooden bulwarks knocked to pieces, which flew in all directions, proving more destructive than the balls of the enemy. The third shot of the enemy cut the tiller-ropes of the *Diana*, and left her helpless in the current. This damage was not repaired for some time, the boat floating down stern foremost toward the enemy,

who from the short distance of sixty feet, raked her with round shot from stem to stern. All the deck officers in command were either killed or wounded. When the boat changed position, the enemy's cannon were moved so that they might be worked with the greatest effect.

Mr. Hall, officer of the deck, was shot in the head, and went below, saying to the men: "Boys, fight it out till the last!"

All the ship's officers armed themselves with muskets during the action, and used them constantly. The gunboat *Calhoun* went from Brashear City to Pattersonville under a flag of truce, to secure the bodies of the killed, carry provisions to the wounded, and if possible secure the parole of the prisoners. The bodies of Capt. Patterson, Master Mate Doliver, and ninety-nine of the men paroled, came back in the *Calhoun* that night.

In the meantime, an expedition was started from Donaldsonville, under command of Gen. Grover, on the west bank of the Mississippi River. The neighborhood of this town, and the country along the Bayou La Fourche is said to be the garden of Louisiana.

This command arrived at Assumption, March 31st, having marched twelve or fifteen miles. April 3d, we arrived at Terre Bonne, about three miles south of Thibodeaux. The railroad from New Orleans to Brashear City was a few rods north of us, a road which our forces held. About noon, we arrived at Thibodeaux. April 10th, we arrived at Brashear City, the army having been drawn together in full force, and everything being ready, the order was given, "Forward, march."

CHAPTER V.

Brave Conduct of the Union Soldiers Under Fire. — Generals Banks and Emory Made the Target of Rebel Sharpshooters. — The Retreat of the Rebels. Banks Shelled by the Diana.

WILLIAMSON'S and Perkins' Cavalry were in the advance, skirmishing with the enemy all day. The following is the order in which the advance was made: Eighth Vermont, Col. Thomas, extreme right; One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, Col. E. B. Smith, right centre; One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, Lieut.-Col. Van Patten, left centre; Twelfth Connecticut, Lieut.-Col. Peck, left wing. Williamson's First Louisiana Cavalry was in the extreme advance, closely followed by skirmishers from the different regiments. Capt. Bainbridge's First United States Artillery, Co. A, and the Sixth Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Carruth, accompanied them. The enemy were seen along the march in small squads, and singly, which thus compelled a careful advance and firing of the skirmishers at doubtful points, with occasional shelling. After advancing about five miles, the enemy opened with a battery of six and twelve-pound light pieces, posted near a large sugar-house on the right. Bainbridge's Artillery was

quickly in position, and so effective were the shells that the rebels soon ceased firing, limbered up their guns, and hurriedly left, never stopping to make another attempt to stay our advance. Many of their shots, however, were well directed, falling in close proximity to our forces, but fortunately, not a man was either killed or wounded. One of their shells entered the chimney of a house, another buried itself in the trunk of a tree by the side of the house, while a third struck a residence two or three yards in the advance, exploded in the closet, scattering the china, pots, pans and victuals in every direction, and leaving that part of the house in ruins. In addition to the artillery, the enemy had four hundred cavalry and two hundred infantry. The advance was now resumed, and beyond an occasional stray musket shot, and the capture of a few prisoners, nothing important occurred. The cavalry were supported by the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York and the gunboat *Clifton*, for by Gen. Weitzel's orders, Col. E. B. Smith placed a guard over the houses and plantations. The sugar houses and out-buildings were filled with sugar, corn and molasses. The advance was now very rapid, the *Clifton* ahead, occasionally shelling the woods. Many of the families of the planters were taken so unawares that when our forces arrived at their residences, an untouched or half-eaten dinner on the table, a valuable article left here and there, proved with what surprise they heard of our advance, and in what haste they left. Black and white all hurriedly crossed the Atchafalaya, or accompanied the enemy. None were there to welcome us. It was well

that Gen. Weitzel placed a guard over their houses and property, or the owners would have returned to a homeless desert. At about 5 P.M., Pattersonville was reached. This village is about nine miles from Berwick City. The Atchafalaya runs to the right, parallel with it, and in this neighborhood it will be remembered, that some four weeks before, the *Diana* was captured by the rebels. About 4 o'clock Gen. Banks and staff started from Berwick City for the front. Gen. Emory's Division followed the advance, the ambulances and wagons bringing up the rear. All had arrived at Pattersonville by 6 P.M., including the staff. Nearly every house of respectable size and appearance in the village was honored by either division, brigade or regimental headquarters, while the Commanding General and staff occupied a large white house to the right, some twenty yards from the side of the road.

The whole army was in a very small space, but a strong force of infantry and artillery guarded it well on every side from surprise and attack. At 6 o'clock, on Sunday morning, Williamson's Cavalry were scouring the country ahead and on the right, occasionally skirmishing with the enemy, who were out of range of our artillery. About 7 o'clock, the Seventy-fifth New York moved slowly ahead, throwing out skirmishers and acting as support to Bainbridge Artillery; the infantry deployed toward the dense woods on the left, about one-half mile in advance of a large force of Generals Emory and Weitzel's command. Artillery was also posted to the right and centre, and in front of the Atchafalaya. The

skirmishers, having moved about half a mile and beyond a bend of woods about two hundred yards, discovered a large force of the enemy's cavalry advancing on the main road. Falling back to their support, the skirmishers reported what they had seen, when the artillery opened, firing three shells. The enemy hastily left. About 8 o'clock, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance. It was evidently caused by a large force of the enemy advancing. This fact was communicated to Gen Weitzel. Capt. Williamson was also notified of the move, and continued to be on the alert against surprise.

Gen. Banks and staff, accompanied by Generals Emory, Andrews and Weitzel, now rode up for the purpose of reconnoitering the country. After a careful survey they were able to see only a few rebel cavalry, and in a few moments their horses' heads were turned in the direction of Pattersonville, Gen. Banks remarking: "There are no enemy in front, we will advance the army, gentlemen." Half an hour after the cavalcade returned, Gen. Weitzel's Brigade of artillery and infantry advanced to the open ground beyond the point of woods on the left, and formed in line of battle as follows: Seventy-fifth New York, centre; One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, right centre; Eighth Vermont, right; One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, left centre, and the Twelfth Connecticut, left. Capt. Bainbridge's Battery, Co. A, First United States, was in position at the right, and Capt. Carruth's Sixth Massachusetts Battery in the centre. Col. Ingraham's Brigade of Gen. Emory's Division formed the extreme left of the line of

battle in the advance, and was composed of the One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Sixty-second New York, Fourth Massachusetts, and Sixteenth Vermont. At this time both Generals Banks and Emory had a narrow escape from the bullets of the enemy's sharpshooters. Gen. Emory was placing his men in position when Gen. Banks rode up. The two commanders were not more than three feet apart, and were conversing together as to future movements, when suddenly from the woods on the left, not more than two hundred yards distant, half a dozen muskets were discharged, and the bullets went whistling past and between the Generals, one ball entering the breast and killing one of the body guard. Quick as lightning Gen. Emory half turned in his saddle and pointing to the woods and addressing his mounted guard, said: "After them, men; there are but five or six of them, or we should have had more shots." As a number of the body guard put spurs to their horses two or three hasty shots were fired from the party in the woods without doing any injury.

The remainder of Gen. Emory's Division was now drawn up in second line of battle, supporting Gen. Weitzel, and in different directions, the reserves being in the rear. The enemy at this time began to show themselves in considerable force. About 10.30 A.M., two regiments were drawn up in line of battle directly ahead and in front of a large sugar-house, not more than a mile and a half distant; the dark line of infantry, scarcely visible to the eye, was in admirable position, forming a half square with the point toward us; they appeared ready

to receive us. The rebel cavalry were quietly walking their horses over the whole country, some very leisurely toward our lines, approaching to within half or three-quarters of a mile, for the purpose of reconnoitering. When satisfied, they rode in haste toward the column. Our advance remained stationary until cavalry could be sent to feel the way ahead. Suddenly the two rebel regiments drawn up in line of battle disappeared, their cavalry followed, and in a few moments after the dense cloud of rising dust marked the course they were retreating. Capt. Williamson's First Louisiana Cavalry of Maj. Robinson's command now started in pursuit. They rode at full speed, under a galling fire from the rebels on the opposite bank of the river. Volley after volley was fired, as our men rode rapidly past, and for a mile and a half the discharges continued, but of all firing not a man was touched. Three or four horses were shot however.

In the meantime, Capt. Mack's Eighteenth New York Battery was rapidly put in position, and a sharp fire was kept up for nearly an hour, the shells falling and bursting in every direction. Under this fire, two regiments of Col. Gooding's Brigade, and a section of Capt. Bradbury's First Maine Artillery, Lieut. Morton, crossed the river over the pontoon bridge, throwing out skirmishers and driving the enemy before them. Several shots were exchanged, but whether any of our men were killed or wounded, I am unable to state. Whilst retreating, the rebels on the other side fired the buildings along the Teche, to prevent, as is supposed, their affording a shelter to our sharpshooters. About 1 o'clock P.M., the

whole force was ordered to advance. Skirmishers from the infantry and squads of cavalry from the different companies were detached and sent ahead to feel the way. Owing to the thickness of the cane-fields and the plantation houses and buildings, it was necessary for them to keep up a pretty sharp fire.

Occasionally a rebel, mounted or on foot, could be seen in the distance, but on observing our advance, hastily left. As our forces were moving along the road bordering the Teche, some ten miles and a half from Pattersonville, fifty or sixty rebel cavalry suddenly sprang from out of a piece of woods on the opposite side, advanced a few paces and fired their carbines. Quick as thought, a section of artillery, twenty-pound Parrotts, were turned upon them. The bursting shells forced them from their cover to the open ground, and they being in full sight and easy range, the shells were sent amongst them in beautiful style, exploding, ploughing up the earth, and scattering the pieces of shells all around. Never men rode faster, and as each moment their backs became less distinct, our men, who had laughed and shouted at their disappearing, gave one long, loud, wild yell, which echoed back from the woods the rebels had so recently left, seeming as if they too marked them in their hasty retreat. Half an hour after we again saw them, this time, however, at a very respectful distance, and out of range of our heaviest cannon. They could just be distinguished by the naked eye. Their men were wiser than an hour ago, having learned by experience.

An aide now rode up to Gen. Banks and reported that there were obstructions in the river. It proved to be a half-destroyed, half-sunken, wooden bridge, with a passage cut where the current runs, to allow boats to pass up and down. It could be repaired and made useful, as it was fifteen or twenty feet wide, one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet long, and reached two-thirds of the distance over the river. A few moments later and a report arrived that the gunboat *Diana* was in sight. Gen. Banks and staff rode from the road to the bank of the river, about one hundred yards distant, and from a rising ground the masts of our former staunch little gunboat *Diana* was seen, with a large rebel flag flying, nearly a mile distant. Everybody wished to take a good look at her, and the consequence was that they remained long enough to hear from her, for a flash, a puff of smoke, a loud report, and a whirring, whizzing, whistling noise, the latter becoming each instant more distinct as it approached them, passing over their heads, plunging into the ground beyond with a thud that no doubt sounded musically to every ear, for it was a shell from the thirty-pound rifled Parrott on board the *Diana*. The next instant and another gun was fired, this time opposite, from the other side of the Teche. They were the mark that both were firing at, for a shell whistled directly over and lodged in the centre of a bank not fifty yards distant, scattering the earth over several soldiers who were resting themselves at the top, and who scampered off in double quick time.

CHAPTER VI.

The Bobbin Boy's Coolness Amid Flying Missiles. — The Gunboat Diana in Action Tied to a Controlling String. — A Lively and Interesting Sketch of a Sharp Engagement.

THE battle had continued without accomplishing much up to this, 3 P.M., Sunday, April 12th, 1863. The enemy had opened all their batteries, shells exploded in the air, solid shot ploughing up the earth, when Gen. Banks and staff galloped up to our front line of battle, accompanied by his staff, sitting on his horse, amid the flying missiles in the air, as cool and as calm as if he was presiding over the Legislature.

The first line of battle was under the command of Gen. Paine, composed of the Fourth Wisconsin, Eighth New Hampshire, One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, extreme right resting on the bayou, Gen. Weitzel holding the extreme left on the first line. The second line was in command of Col. Ingraham of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts. The troops under his command, One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Sixty-second New York, Fourth Massachusetts, Sixteenth Vermont, the Third Brigade, commanded by Col. Goodwin, the

Thirty-first Massachusetts, and the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, had been detached and sent on the other side of the bayou. The balance of the brigade, comprising the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York, and Fifty-third Massachusetts, were attached to Col. Ingraham, in the second line of battle. Capt. Bradbury, First United States Artillery, Co. A., were located near the Teche. Capt. Carruth and one section of the First Maine Battery engaged the enemy in front. One piece of Capt. Mack's Eighteenth New York was ordered to take position near the road and silence the gunboat *Diana*, if possible. The action of the *Diana* was very singular. She would suddenly appear round the bend and open fire and disappear. It was afterward found that a rope was attached to her, and it would be loosened, and after fire drawn back again out of sight. In addition to powerful guns on board the *Diana*, the rebels were supplied with batteries and guns of larger calibre, answering us, gun for gun, with great vigor. Ahead and behind us, the shells were exploding every instant. Generals Banks and Emory rode the length of the line in this awful fire, ordering the right of Paine's line still further forward, and we pushed along up, and dark found us close to their earthworks.

The firing ceased with the darkness, but the skirmishers kept it up all night, an order being given that the advance should retire out of the range of the light artillery, and bivouac for the night, taking position in two lines, the brigade of Gen. Paine forming the right half of

each line, and Gen. Weitzel's the left half. Gen. Paine's command had scarcely obeyed this order when Gen. Emory ordered the Fourth Wisconsin, Col. Bean, to be thrown forward to hold the woods and sugar-house on the right of the main road, as the enemy's defences and principal guns were masked by them. This position was contested with spirit all night; the pickets were firing during the whole of the time, but the ground was firmly and gallantly held by the Fourth Wisconsin, with but small loss on our side.

About 1 o'clock, on the next morning, Col. Bean sent a communication to Gen. Paine, stating that under cover of the fog and darkness, the enemy had been busily at work near their picket line all night, hammering and chopping, leading them to believe that they were planting batteries, or preparing in some manner to give us a warm reception in the morning. Gen. Emory was informed of these facts. He at once gave Gen. Paine permission to place an additional force in position to support Gen. Bean, if necessary. Before the fog lifted, Gen. Paine moved his headquarters up to the line held by the Fourth Wisconsin. He was accompanied by the Eighth New Hampshire. This regiment was placed in line of battle in the rear of the Fourth Wisconsin, and both regiments were ordered to place themselves in the deep plantation ditches, so that by lying down they might be sheltered from all missiles excepting shell bursting directly overhead.

The remainder of Gen. Paine's Brigade now came up, about 6.30 A.M., when it was determined to make a

reconnoisance, in order to learn the meaning of the enemy's movements during the night. Gen. Paine accordingly went up to the line of pickets in front of the Fourth Wisconsin. Proceeding cautiously, he reached the extreme advance, and from observation and information became satisfied that the *Diana* was within short range, having moved from her former position during the night. As Gen. Paine had just come to the conclusion that artillery could be placed in position so as to easily destroy her, the *Diana* fired her thirty-two pound Parrott, the shell passing in dangerous proximity to our little force.

About 6.45 A.M., the signal was given for the second day's fight to commence. About that time a large force of the enemy, infantry and cavalry, advanced from behind their breastworks for the purpose of regaining possession of the sugar-house and woods. The guns on the *Diana*, the thirty-two pounder at the corner of the road, the batteries along the breastworks, together with a battery on the opposite side of the Teche, opened upon the woods and Gen. Paine's command. The men bravely stood their ground amid this terrific hail of iron missiles, and met the advancing enemy with spirit. An infantry fight of half an hour was kept up, our men still holding their ground, and finally driving the rebels to the shelter of their breastworks. While our forces and artillery were getting into position on the left, Gen. Paine sent to Gen. Banks, requesting that heavy guns might be sent forward as rapidly as possible, as his position must soon become untenable unless artillery arrived at once.

Scouts in the meantime were sent forward to observe the movements of the *Diana*, and in a short time they returned, reporting that she was changing her position. The fog, which had been very heavy, now lifted, discovering her position. A large flag was flying from her mainmast. A rebel battery had been quietly placed between the *Diana* and our forces, not one hundred and fifty yards from their earthworks. They were attempting to post their pickets, and get ready to open a fire, which must have forced our gallant fellows back, when Gen. Paine again sent a messenger to hasten up a battery. A moment after, the artillery of Capt. Mack's Eighteenth New York was heard thundering along the road. At the bend he was seen galloping at full speed, and the next moment the guns were in position.

So rapid and splendid was the whole movement performed, that the enemy had not time to open their batteries before the staunch twenty-pounder Parrotts of Capt. Mack were throwing shell into them, when the whole of the rebel guns were limbered up and hurried away without firing. Under the circumstance, Gen. Paine was compelled to commence the fire with Mack's Battery before the Fourth Wisconsin was called in, and most of the shelling was over their heads. Capt. Mack now turned his artillery upon the *Diana* and the guns of the enemy ahead, and on each side of the Teche the firing was kept up for two hours without cessation. The whole were in easy range of his guns, the *Diana* and batteries on this side of the river not being more than eight hundred yards distant, while that on the opposite

side, to the left, was about fifteen hundred. Four hundred rounds were fired, two caissons emptied. The *Diana* and batteries, right and left, silenced repeatedly the gunboat, finally steaming up the Teche, and never firing a shot this side of the breastworks afterwards. Generals Banks, Emory, Paine, and their staffs, rode up and complimented Capt. Mack and his command. This was the first time this battery had been engaged, and the men under fire.

While this battery was answering the enemy from every quarter, Col. McMillan of the Twenty-first Regiment, Indiana Artillery, ordered Capt. McLaflin of Co. G, to take a section of thirty-two rifled Parrotts, place them in position on the bank, in easy range of the *Diana*, and open on her. This was promptly done. Twenty shot, were fired, six of which are said to have struck her. The flag was shot away. The first shell that was fired is reported to have passed through her iron plating and wheelhouse, killing both engineers and three other persons. Six were afterwards killed by two other shells. A large number were scalded and wounded on board the *Diana*, as one of the shells passed through a portion of her steam works. In half an hour after the first shot was fired from these guns she steamed up the stream and disappeared. This was about 3 o'clock, A.M. She never appeared to fight Mack's and McLaflin's guns afterward.

As the *Diana* was preparing to stand up stream to get out of range of our guns, a severe skirmish took place in front of Gen. Paine's Brigade, between Co. B,

Fourth Wisconsin, Capt. Carter, and Co. B of the Twenty-fifth Louisiana. The latter were driven off. While this affair was going on, information was brought to Gen. Paine that a regiment of the enemy's infantry had been landed in the woods, and were advancing toward our right wing for the purpose of flanking it. This circumstance, and the discovery that another force was passing down to the banks of the bayou out of the woods, led him to suppose that the enemy were massing in that direction, with the intention of suddenly descending upon Capt. Mack's Battery for the purpose of capturing it. To guard against this move, the right wing (Eighth New Hampshire) was ordered in position on the banks of the bayou, slightly in advance of the right of the battery, with orders to protect it to the last, and charge upon any troops which might advance for that purpose. This movement, no doubt, checked the enemy, who fell back with their main body, leaving, however, a large force of skirmishers, who opened a destructive fire about 11.30 A.M. These were also partially driven back, and their fire slackened. Ours increasing, they, too, finally retreated behind the shelter of their earthworks. The fire on both sides was fierce and constant. About this time every gun of the enemy's batteries was silenced also, and our firing ceased, leaving us in undisputed possession of the woods and sugar house. The ground, so hotly contested, was held during the whole time, the enemy being driven off at every point by the infantry, while the fire of the *Diana*, the thirty-two pounder, and the guns on each side of the river, before and behind

their breastworks, were silenced. Mack's, McLaflin's and Healy's Artillery observing this, Gen. Paine rode up to Capt. Mack, thanked him and his command, when the brigade gave three cheers for the battery and its gallant chief. This was followed by three more for Gen. Paine, the members of the artillery company joining with spirit. Several shells had struck some buildings in the rear and to the right of the enemy's works, on this side of the Teche, setting them on fire. The artillery firing, infantry fighting, skirmishing, and the burning buildings, presented one of the grandest sights we ever witnessed.

During the whole of this sharp engagement our forces were in line of battle a little farther in the rear, skirmishing ahead the main body, gradually nearing the enemy's breastworks, and the artillery replying to the rapid fire of their batteries, and now the artillery opened with renewed vigor along the whole line. Capt. Carruth's and Capt. Bainbridge's Batteries of Weitzel's Brigade were also here. They fired from their position on the left until all their ammunition was expended. When they retired, several of the enemy's guns were either silenced entirely by these batteries, or compelled to change their position. About 1 o'clock, Capt. Duryea's Battery of twelve-pound Napoleons was ordered up in front, and was soon firing upon all the batteries of the enemy on this side of the Teche. Lieut. Morris, with one section of the battery, was ordered to proceed forward to within one hundred and fifty yards of their breastworks. They did so, and engaged the enemy

from that time to 5 P.M., doing considerable execution, firing in all two hundred and fifty-six rounds, when he ceased for want of ammunition.

One shot from Capt. Duryea's command struck and dismounted a large brass field-piece of the enemy posted near the woods on the left. It was a gun of Valverde's Battery. From the effects of this shot, Capt. Valverde and four horses were killed, and four men wounded. The two thirty-two pound Parrotts which engaged the *Diana*, were now turned on the land batteries distant about a mile, compelling the rebel artillerists to change their guns from one part of their works to another, as could be seen from the smoke of their pieces. The constant roar of artillery was now deafening. All day there had been firing, with more or less vigor, at different parts of the field, but now all the artillery appeared to be engaged, battery replying to battery, and gun answering gun. And now we will pass on the east side of the bayou, to see what they are doing, as Gen. Grover is there.

CHAPTER VII.

Gallant Work of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts. — Advancing Steadily Upon the Enemy's Works Under a Fearful Fire. — The Rebels in a Bag, but Held by a Rotten String.

THE regiments composing Col. Gooding's command were the Thirty-first Massachusetts, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, Fifty-third and the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts. The latter crossed the pontoon bridge about 8 o'clock, under a severe fire from the battery. The First Maine Battery followed. The Thirty-first Massachusetts was deployed as skirmishers through an immense cane field, at the end of which, a mile and a half distant, the enemy's breastwork extended for three-quarters of a mile, reaching from the shore of Grand Lake to the banks of the Teche.

The advance of the Thirty-first was hotly contested by the enemy, and the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts moved forward in three detachments as a support. The intention was to immediately attack the battery, but as soon as our advance was observed, it ceased to fire on Gen. Paine's Brigade, and accordingly the attack was not made.

Col. Gooding, however, decided upon finding the true position of the enemy outside his works, and also to ascertain if the guns which had been throwing grape into Gen. Paine's Brigade, was a light battery posted on the outside of the intrenchment, as was supposed by Gen. Emory.

The Thirty-first Massachusetts was now advanced to within one-half mile of the works, but no light battery was found there. The advance was very hotly contested, and the ammunition of the Thirty-first being exhausted, they were relieved by the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, Col. Rodman.

An order was received from Gen. Banks to move on the enemy's intrenchments on the right bank, while at the same time an order was given to Generals Emory and Weitzel to advance on them on the left bank. The Thirty-eighth Massachusetts deployed across the whole field, advancing to the position of the Thirty-first. The Fifty-third Massachusetts was also deployed as skirmishers, acting as a support. The One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York and Thirty-first Massachusetts were placed on the rear of the left, and the right of the second line of skirmishers as reserves, while at the same time the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York was ordered to turn the enemy's left flank. The battery, under command of Lieutenants Healy and Morton, was posted on parallel plantation roads, leading to the enemy's works. Our section was held in reserve, and in rear of the second line of skirmishers. This being done, the whole advanced on the enemy's works, driving

them into the same. The advance was very stubbornly resisted, the rebel sharpshooters engaging our skirmishers, while the artillery belched forth fire and smoke all along the extent of their fortifications, bravely answered, however, by our own, which was well served, and the guns of the enemy were twice silenced, and frequently compelled to change their positions.

About 3 o'clock, a further advance was made under a severe direct and cross-fire from their batteries, and it having been found by this time that the enemy were very strongly fortified with powerful guns, the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts was ordered to advance steadily forward toward the earthworks, and when within the reach of musketry, to lie down and await orders. The next moment another order arrived that they should advance, and if they could reach the enemy's works, enter them.

As Col. Rodman rode along the line for the purpose of issuing his commands, the enemy's sharpshooters fired upon him. He was the only mounted man in the regiment.

The men advanced steadily and rapidly, so well that our troops on the other side of the Teche cheered us, and the rebels hastily entered their breastworks. The fire was very severe on the left of the regiment under command of Maj. Richardson of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, the men being more exposed to the enemy's fire than at any other point.

A shell exploded just in the middle of the left reserve, killing Capt. Gault, Co. A; Priv. Gill, Co. A, another

of Co. D, and severely wounding seven others of these companies.

The front line at this time was distant from the enemy's works about eight hundred yards. The advance was now very slow, as the enemy was using every exertion from their works, and outside, on the right, left and centre, to drive us back.

At this time Lieut. Russell of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, with his company, was in the woods to the right, when about five hundred of the enemy's infantry advanced from the works, with the intention of flanking him. They opened a tremendous fire, checking their further progress, and the right would probably have been turned by this overpowering force, but for the thick underbrush of the woods and the swampy nature of the ground, thus rendering their movements very slow and difficult.

Col. Gooding at once ordered the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York, Lieut.-Col. Sharpe, to strengthen this position and drive the enemy back. Advancing through the woods on the enemy's left, Col. Sharpe reached their rear and flanked them, driving the rebels before him. They were the Eighteenth Louisiana Infantry and three companies of the Seventh Texas Cavalry, the latter dismounted. A section of artillery was also posted by the rebels on that end of the works, for the purpose of assisting their force to flank us.

Suddenly the enemy sent a powerful force to the assistance of the rebels, as it was found that they were being driven at every point.

Col. Sharpe had now a much superior force to contend against. A sharp musketry fire by volleys was commenced and kept up for some time, when word reaching Col. Gooding that Col. Sharpe's force was outnumbered by the enemy, the Thirty-first Massachusetts was immediately sent to reinforce him. As soon as they arrived, a charge was made by Col. Sharpe upon a strong abattis to the right of the earthworks in the woods, about two hundred yards distant, and hidden entirely from sight of the latter by the trees. The position was evidently a strong one, for the enemy had dug a ditch and felled trees around it.

The rebels in the abattis fought bravely, and our forces fell back about twenty feet, when Sergt. Kennedy of Co. I, advancing to the front, waved his musket as an officer would his sword, shouted: "Let's try it again, boys; we'll have it this time; follow me!" and the gallant fellow bounded forward. The rest followed with a yell, when the ditch obstructions and guns were passed in a moment, and the next instant the abattis was taken and the enemy was at the mercy of our soldiers.

One hundred men surrendered with three guns. The abattis was held by our men with little loss. The guns were struck frequently by the shot and shell from the enemy's batteries.

The One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York, Col. Sharpe, and the Thirty-first Massachusetts, Col. Hopkins, held the woods and abattis all night, fighting the enemy the whole time, and killing and wounding a large number.

About 5 P.M., the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts having expended all their ammunition, the Fifty-third Massachusetts, Col. Kimball, was ordered by Col. Gooding to advance and relieve the Thirty-eighth.

The Fifty-third Massachusetts, nine months' men, came under fire to relieve the Thirty-eighth, and for a regiment that had not been in service but a short time, and had only had guns in their possession two weeks, moved up in a solid line of battle which would cause envy of the veteran troops, pushing up close to the enemy's works, and holding their position through that long, dreary night, and planting their flag on the earthworks next morning.

The fight continued in that position. All day there had been a constant roar of artillery and musketry, grape, ball and shell, on both sides of the river. It was one of the warmest and liveliest fights known, and the enemy were driven at every point.

At daylight in the morning, Col. Kimball, commanding the advance line of skirmishers, failing to discover any trace of the enemy in front, concluded to advance his line to the enemy's works, when he found them evacuated. At the same time, Capt. W. Irving Allen of the Thirty-first Massachusetts, having his company employed as skirmishers in the woods on the left, and seeing the forward movement of Col. Kimball's line of skirmishers, ordered his men to advance, also entering the enemy's works on the left at the same time.

While this movement was taking place, Col. Gooding received an order from Gen. Emory to ascertain if pos-

sible by an advance movement whether the enemy had evacuated his works, when the welcome news was received that the flags of the Fifty-third Massachusetts already waved over them.

In the meantime, Gen. Emory on the other side of the bayou, had ordered Gen. Paine to push forward immediately, deploying the Eighth New Hampshire in line of skirmishers, and advanced, and, climbing the earthworks, the flag of the Old Granite State on one side, and the Bay State on the other, waved over them, and the rebels were in full retreat.

Before following the retreating enemy we must explain what was occurring in their rear. As Gen. Banks said: "We had the rebels in a bag, and Gen. Grover held the strings, and the whole rebel army was gobbled up; but the d—n string was rotten, and they slipped through."

Gen. Grover had started from Brashear City on the gunboat *Clifton* with his division, and the transports *Laurel Hill*, *Quinnebog* and *St. Mary's*. The whole proceeded up the Atchafalaya River, the *Clifton* taking the lead. About thirty-five miles, at a place known as the McWilliams Road, we disembarked the First Louisiana, and the brigade of Col. Birge landed at the same time. The former immediately formed in line of battle, and Lieut.-Col. Fisk advanced with two companies and deployed as skirmishers toward the woods, supported by Col. Holcomb with the balance of the regiment.

Suddenly, after proceeding a short distance, artillery opened upon our forces from the woods beyond the road, instantly followed by a sharp discharge of musketry.

Col. Fisk, with his command, was ordered to advance into the woods, while Col. Holcomb moved rapidly with his regiment to take the enemy's guns, or drive them back and advance through the woods to the opposite edge, distant about three-quarters of a mile.

At this time, Col. Fisk fell, wounded through the leg, and his men moved forward with more spirit, as if determined to dearly avenge his fall, when the enemy retreated in haste. Our force now advanced to the edge of the woods, which it held, and the Twelfth Connecticut, One Hundred and Fifty-ninth and Sixth New York shortly after arrived as a support.

Here Gen. Dwight was ordered to halt, and await the disembarking of the rest of the division. Gen. Dwight was now reinforced by the remainder of his brigade, and Capt. Closson's battery of artillery. The enemy, in considerable numbers, was moving about on the plain ahead and across the bridges of the Teche. This force consisted of four guns, three hundred cavalry, and a few infantry.

As soon as our cavalry and artillery arrived at the ground, the former was sent to occupy and hold the junction of the Lake Road that runs parallel with the Teche. The next morning the division again advanced, Birge's Brigade in front, followed by the brigades of Dwight and Kimball. Rogers' Battery was in advance, with Capt. Closson, Nims' Battery in reserve. The advance reached Irish Bend, about eleven miles from the rebel earthworks, where Generals Banks and Emory were engaged.

CHAPTER VIII.

At Close Quarters with the Rebels. — Lively Fighting. — General Dwight's Flank Movement on the Enemy. — A Grand Charge. — Graphic Recital of Movements Never Before Described.

THE enemy was strongly posted at this point, Irish Bend. Their right flank was supported by artillery, and their left extended round into another wood in such a manner as to completely encircle any force which should simply attack their position in the woods.

Col. Birge of the Third Brigade of Gen. Grover's Division, at this time in command of the advance, and supported by two sections of Rogers' Battery, now skirmished with the rebels in front for about an hour, our skirmishers and their supports engaging the infantry and dismounted cavalry of the enemy. Col. Birge then ordered the Twenty-fifth Connecticut and One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York in front of the first skirt of woods. He had no sooner done this than the enemy commenced a flank attack, endeavoring to take the section of Rogers' Battery which was on the right. These two regiments, assaulted by a fire on their front and right from an enemy very perfectly concealed, replied ineffectually to the fire, and commenced to fall

back, when Gen. Grover rode up to the front and rallied them, and at the same time ordered Gen. Dwight to hasten up with his brigade.

This section of Rogers' Battery was ordered to limber up and go to the rear, the firing of the enemy being so lively as to pick off nine of the cannoniers at their guns. At this time Gen. Dwight moved on the field with his brigade, placing the Sixth New York on his right in such a manner as to outflank the enemy's left.

The Ninety-first New York was ordered to the front to advance toward the woods occupied by the First Louisiana, supporting the Sixth New York, Twenty-second Maine, One Hundred and Thirty-first and Ninety-first New York.

Forward! was the order, and like veterans they moved across the field, through the woods, over another field, the rebels retiring slowly. Then with one grand charge the enemy fled before us, leaving over one hundred prisoners. Thus, the position which Birge's Brigade failed to take with the loss of over three hundred men, was taken by Gen. Dwight's flank movement with a loss of seven killed and twenty-one wounded. Then Gen. Grover ordered a halt, and we rested till 3 o'clock, when the order was given to forward; it was found that the enemy had retreated, and that the entire line of earth-works of the rebs extended from the Grand Lakes to the Teche, about two and one-half miles. In some places the works were higher than the guns; the earth was cut away, in order to give them range, the ground being literally covered with shot, shell, grape and canis-

ter, and over forty dead horses. The gallant charge of the Thirteenth Connecticut, and the capture of the rebel battery flag, was one of the features of this movement.

The army of Grover having failed to bag the rebs, united with the main army under Emory and Weitzel, which had passed through Franklin; the army pushed on to New Iberia on Thursday. Summing up the result of this fight, the gunboat *Diana*, and transport *Newsboy*, the *Gossamer*, and *Era No. 2*, and the ironclad *Hart*, the *Blue Hammock*, *Darby*, *Louise*, *Uncle Tommy*, and *Cricket*, were all fired or sunk by the enemy in their retreat. All of the commissary stores and ammunition were destroyed with them.

The *Cornie*, the rebel hospital boat, was captured, with over sixty wounded. On board of her was found Capt. Jewett and Lieut. Alice, two of our officers, who were captured and refused parole when the *Diana* was first captured. We had destroyed an iron foundry at Franklin, also a large saw mill, and a larger one at New Iberia, and salt works.

Forward! was still the order, and through the hot sun and dusty roads the grand army of Banks trailed along behind the retreating rebels.

A dashing cavalry charge was made by Maj. Robinson's command; the companies were Williamson's, Barrett's and Perkins'. The rear-guard of the enemy's cavalry, which for two days had desperately attempted to check our pursuit, made a stand for the purpose of attacking our party; they numbered nearly two to our one, and when our party approached them a charge was

made upon the enemy's body with such bravery and impetuosity, that, completely taken by surprise, they made a feeble resistance and turned and fled in great disorder. They were chased nearly four miles. Seventy-five prisoners were captured. A halt was at last ordered, as the enemy's infantry had massed in considerable force to receive us. We lost ten wounded, and fifteen horses killed. One of our men was taken prisoner by the enemy. He could not check his horse. In a second charge he was rescued by our men. Gen. Emory complimented the commanders for this brilliant affair. The Nineteenth Corps was under fire for the first time. Some of the troops had been in some hard fights and skirmishes, but the majority of the regiments were under fire for the first time.

Every regiment, every section and battery of artillery, and cavalry, did their duty nobly; and the record made in this maiden fight, under the command of that grim old warrior, Gen. William H. Emory, demonstrated that the flag of the Nineteenth Army Corps was never to suffer defeat, for, as a matter of history, wherever the flag of the Nineteenth Corps was, victory was sure to perch on the shoulders of the General commanding, if he had the courage; but the Major-Generals commanding the armies did not always have the staying powers, but would order a retreat to a safer place for themselves.

On the 18th, we retreated near Vermilionville. On the 19th, we arrived at Opelousas, where the defunct Confederate government of Louisiana was not in the saddle, but headquarters were on wheels.

After our long and dusty march of one hundred miles, we were about to enter the annex capital. Regiments braced up, flags unfurled, drums beating, and fifes playing, we marched in. A few houses on the right of the road, and a few on the left, then the open field, and the question was: Where was Opelousas? And the answer came: "You have just passed through the city."

The army went into camp in this vicinity, and wagon trains were sent out after cotton; and the battles through which we had passed, the hard marching which we had endured, was now to result in being constantly employed gathering cotton to ship to New Orleans, the entire wagon train being employed for this purpose, and the army on short rations, and an order from headquarters forbidding foraging, under severe penalties, according to army regulations, so we had to indulge in a little private foraging.

My company (E of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts) had been detailed as guard at Gen. Emory's headquarters during the entire campaign. Fighting and marching with the regiments during the day, and reporting at headquarters at night, made our life somewhat easier than the others; but we were hungry sometimes, and some generous-hearted citizens had presented the old man with a good-sized calf. The orders of the guard were, "Keep your eyes on that calf." And we did! I think I can see now, at that hour in the morning when slumber is the deepest, a line of objects creeping in the grass. Was it the enemy? No; for instead of rifles they carried pieces of fence rails, made into short bludgeons.

Suddenly they moved quicker. A dull thud is heard, and then they rise to carry an object with them. All is still. Suddenly the fires brighten up in the company's streets, and the pot boils merrily; and ere daybreak we had finished as fine a soup as we had ever indulged in, and every bone was buried deep, deep in the ground, and no sign left to tell the tale — for even that was ate.

The old man stirs in his tent, and suddenly comes out, looking a moment, and misses his pet, and in that deep, gruff voice, which he used to speak in, says, "Sentry, where in h—ll is that calf?" The sentry replied, meekly, "What, sir; what calf?" Oh, what innocence! Then suddenly the old man broke out with, "Send Capt. Smith to me." Capt. John Ed. appeared, and with a salute which did credit to his military education, and with a face which did credit to his innocence, as his tongue tasted of the meat he had just devoured, asks, "What 's wanted, General?" "Where is that calf, sir? Where is that calf, sir, that was in your charge?" "What, is he gone?" "Damn it, don't you see it 's gone? Your men stole it." The Captain denied this. The result was, that the Captain and company were ordered to report to their regiment immediately, but as we had those orders every day, we did not pay any attention to them, but served at the headquarters until the remainder of the campaign.

On the 21st, Gen. Dwight, of Gen. Grover's Division, with his brigade and detachment of artillery and cavalry, pushed forward toward Washington. We found the bridge over the bayous Cocodue and Boeuff destroyed,

and spent the night in replacing the bridge. The steamer *Wave* was burnt at this place. A despatch was found by Gen. Dwight, in which Gov. Moore tells Gen. Taylor to slowly retreat to Alexandria, and if pressed hard, to retire to Texas.

CHAPTER IX.

A Whole Army Engaged in Gathering Cotton. — Rebels Watching for Colonel Chickering and His Train of Booty. — How the Gallant Colonel Succeeded in "Yankeeing" the Spies.

APRIL 27th, the army settled down. Cotton is king, for the army is doing nothing else but gathering cotton. An expedition, consisting of the One Hundred and Sixty-second New York Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Blanchard, and one section of artillery, Co. B, First Louisiana Cavalry, went out to examine the road and the bay on Courtableau. Gen. Grover's Division was ordered to encamp there, and all cotton, sugar and molasses, was delivered there; and instead of being commissariaged for the rebels, the rebels were furnishing us with supplies to be shipped to New Orleans and Brashear City. The drilling was omitted on account of the heat. A grand review by Banks and Emory. The Fourth Wisconsin Regiment, and the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, made their first appearance at this review, mounted on horses and mules of every description, creating considerable merriment.

An order was read announcing the arrival of Col. Grierson's Cavalry at Baton Rouge, after a successful

raid through Mississippi. General orders were read by Gen. Banks, congratulating the army on its success, and stating that he now held the key to the position, and the rebel armies were defeated and demoralized. The lock must have been terrible rusty, for the rebels very easily broke it a few weeks afterwards.

Forward! March! and the army moves again. Arriving at Alexandria, on the Red River, which had been captured by Admiral Porter's gunboat, May 14th, we are off again, twenty miles a day, back over the old road as far as Chaineville, and there the direction of the army was changed in the direction of the Mississippi, arriving at Simsport on the Atchafalaya River. May 19th, part of the army was ferried across and marched on to Morganza Bend; the rest of the troops were carried on steamers to Bayou Sara, and also the troops at Morganza were landed there, pushing on into the interior, passing through the village of St. Francisville, where we encamped for the night. The next morning, on the arrival of Mack's Black Horse Battery (Eighteenth New York), the column moved to Port Hudson. We will now return to Col. Chickering's command, where we left them gathering supplies at Opelousas.

The Forty-first Massachusetts Infantry was mounted, and called the Third Cavalry; the Fifty-second Massachusetts, One Hundred and Fourteenth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, Ninetieth New York, with one company of the Thirteenth Connecticut, and the Twenty-second and Twenty-sixth Maine, and a section of Nims' Massachusetts Battery, under the command of Col.

Thomas E. Chickering, having seen the last steamer load of cotton on its way by the river to Brashear City, getting the remnants on hand and loading them into three or four hundred wagons, started on the march to Berwick City. The ponderous train, once in motion, soon began to wind itself back along the banks of the Teche, over the same road which the army of Gen. Banks marched a month previous.

On arriving at St. Martinsville, Col. Chickering, learning from his trusty scouts that the enemy were in ambush just beyond the town, at once crossed the Teche and marched rapidly to New Iberia, where he found the steamer *J. M. Brown*, laden with supplies for his troops, unloading the supplies. They were at once distributed amongst the various regiments. The steamer was at once laden with cotton, sugar, corn and molasses, and with one hundred contrabands sailed for Brashear City. From New Iberia the march was resumed toward Franklin, and the warlike caravan entered this pretty little secesh town, amid the reverberation of the different bands, and the choruses of the regiments, swelling with the notes of the various camp songs, our glorious colors proudly fluttering their silken folds over the serried ranks, all tending to form a thrilling and beautiful picture. Perhaps you can form some sort of an idea of the gigantic proportions of one of these wagon trains, when we tell you that the one under command of Col. Chickering was five miles long.

The noise of such a train in Virginia could be heard for miles, owing to the rocky soil and the iron axles.

But in Louisiana, one must hunt very hard in order to discover a pebble, so that a train can move with but little noise, an advantage of great importance to an army on the move. On the evening of the 22d, the advance had bivouacked at Centreville, and the weary sentinels paced up and down their posts, anxiously listening for the welcome footsteps of the relief-guard, when a mounted messenger dashed into camp with news of an attack on our rear. Three squadrons of the Forty-first Massachusetts Cavalry were at once ordered to the rear to prevent any surprise in large numbers, and to disperse the cowardly guerillas that followed in the track of the train, annoying us constantly, evidently with the intention of harassing us to such an extent that a rapid advance would be impossible.

In the meantime other messengers came in reporting that Gen. Moulton, son of the ex-Governor of Louisiana, with Brig.-Gen. Greene, were but a short distance in our rear, with five thousand men, including a large number of Texans. It was very plain that Moulton's object was to engage our rear, and then, by a *coup-de-main*, endeavor to flank the entire division. Upon discovering this scheme, Col. Chickering had three regiments of infantry drawn up in line of battle, directly in front of the wagon train, and orders were then given for the train to move on. Col. Morgan of the Nineteenth New York, whose regiment formed the rear-guard, was instructed to retreat, giving battle, and at the same time protect the rear of the train. Col. Morgan indulged in a few lively skirmishes with the scattered forces of the

enemy, chiefly guerillas. The train was pushed on with all possible speed during the night, followed closely by the most daring guerillas, and on the morning of the 26th we reached Berwick City, after a forced march of one hundred and ten miles in four days. The last forty miles was accomplished in the almost unprecedented short time of twenty-four hours, and the enemy followed close upon our heels.

The rebels were exceedingly vigilant, and we were continually reminded that they were on the *qui vive* at all points. Col. Chickering received information through reliable sources that the main body, numbering five thousand men, were at Calcosien, or Lake Charles Court House, forty miles southwest of Opelousas, near the Texas boundary line, and from which State the troops were being drawn.

The rebels were expecting Col. Chickering and his train of booty on the Grand Coteau, and the shrewdness of the Colonel in command alone prevented the rebels from gaining a rich prize. The enemy's spies, who pretended, of course, to be the strongest kind of Union men, were permitted to hold conversation with Col. Chickering, and he very adroitly made use of them by pretending to divulge to them the plan of the retreat, and he succeeded most admirably in "Yankeeing" the sincere Union men. They were told confidentially that our forces were going to stop at Vermilion Bayou and construct the bridge over that stream, and the Union men of course had a strong force there, as we afterwards learned from a trusty negro.

It was agreed between the rebel officers that we should

be flanked at St. Martinsville, but the rapidity of the Colonel's movements thwarted them, when Franklin was decided upon as the spot where this immense Yankee potent corn-hopping nigger train was to be engulfed in the mighty jaws of the rebel army; but lo, presto, change, they passed through and beyond Franklin. Considerable powder and lead was wasted for the so-called Confederacy, and the chagrin of the balked rebels was so bitter, that for sixteen miles, from Franklin to Centreville, they fought us in their brave guerilla style.

The rebels fired from the windows of the house at which Col. Chickering took dinner on the same day. At Franklin their performances were all laid out, but owing to some slight disarrangement of the machinery, the performances of the Confederate theatre did not satisfy the eager audience. They had been told that the retreat of the d—d Yankees was to be cut off, as well as all their heads, but suddenly their boasted tragedy became, if possible, worse than a farce.

Nims' Battery fired several shots into a sugar-house, where upward of one hundred and fifty rebels were concealed. A number of them fled to the woods. The contrabands who were in the train were terribly alarmed at the guerillas, and the scene beggared description. It required the greatest exertion and vigilance on the part of Col. Chickering to keep the road open.

Lieut. Woods of the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York Regiment, was killed, and a Major and several commissioned officers were captured by these guerillas. Col. Chickering has heard since that they hanged two

of our officers, but he had not, at last accounts, received anything authentic in relation to the matter.

Gen. Banks was very solicitous for the safety of this immense train, and a disaster to it would have sadly injured our cause. Now, as for the success, the following figures will show plainly. Six thousand negroes came into our hands, five hundred plantation wagons, three thousand mules and horses, besides a fabulous number of cattle. While the Forty-first Massachusetts was stationed at Berrie's Landing, five thousand bales of cotton were sent from that point, besides immense quantities of sugar and molasses, and it is estimated that upwards of ten thousand negroes had been sent from Berrie's Landing to Brashear City and Algiers.

CHAPTER X.

The Rebels Surrounded and a General Fight Begun. — Weitzel Bound to Win. — Stubborn, Bloody Work on Both Sides. — Good Work of the Louisiana Colored Troops. — Gen. Sherman Wounded.

ON the 23d of May, the command under Gen. Augur and Gen. Sherman having marched to Baton Rouge, where they had been in camp during the operation on the West bank of the Mississippi, now marched toward Port Hudson, uniting with the forces under Gen. Banks, which had moved down from the Red River. Gen. Grierson's Cavalry had raided through the State of Mississippi, and arriving at Baton Rouge, were attached to Gen. Banks' command. The rebs were now surrounded. We immediately advanced, drawing them out of their rifle pits. The troops were in the following position: The right was commanded by Gen. Weitzel with his own and one division of Gen. Emory's command; the right centre by Gen. Grover; the left centre by Gen. Augur, and the extreme left by Gen. W. T. Sherman. Our line extended from the river above to the river below. On the 25th, Weitzel's Brigade, with the divisions of Grover and Emory, and two regiments of colored troops, advanced

to the assault on the extreme right, crossing, and driving the enemy across Sandy Creek and into his fortifications.

On the 27th, a general assault was ordered all along the line. The line of battle was formed at daybreak. It soon became evident that every foot of ground we gained had got to be fought for. On the right, the sharp rattle of muskets and roar of artillery gave notice that Weitzel was at work. As it increased in intensity, it became evident that he was having no boy's play, and he had not. Every inch was disputed, and the enemy fought with the ferocity of demons, but it was to no purpose. Our boys drove them slowly, but steadily, using clubbed muskets and bayonets when they could not load.

It was soon apparent, that whatever else would be done by the army, Weitzel was bound to win. His column could not be checked, although suffering greatly. The enemy went down before them as grass before the scythe of the mower, and although the work was tedious and bloody, no one faltered. Gen. Weitzel, keeping his men well in hand for the last rush, put them at the enemy's works on the river side, and they went on with a will, making the air resound with their shouts. Here the fight became murderous. It was hand to hand and breast to breast, the bayonets doing the main part of the work. The rebels could not stand it, however, and were compelled to fall back, and finally were driven into and then out of the celebrated six-gun battery, that did such terrible execution upon the steamer *Mississippi* the night she was destroyed.

Here was a great point gained, a point that we could

use to advantage against the other works of the enemy, and it did not take long for the quick eye of Weitzel to see all this and profit by it. As soon as possible the guns were put to work. This was decidedly the most brilliant and successful part of the day's work; not that the men fought any better, or showed more determination than those on the other part of the field, but it was the greatest point gained, and proved what we could do when resolved to accomplish certain ends.

By this operation the enemy's left was turned, and in a manner to prevent the lost ground being recovered. The battery captured was the most annoying of any of the line, for it raked completely the channel-way of the river. The second division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, in the attack of yesterday upon the right of the enemy's position, made an impetuous charge. The Sixth Michigan and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York carried the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet, but were compelled to give way, as the enemy had massed its troops here, and it became necessary to fall back before overwhelming numbers.

Not much ground was lost, however. We failed to maintain our position within the main works. The First, Second and Third Louisiana colored troops were in this charge, and they fought with the desperation of tigers. After firing one volley they did not deign to load again, but went in with bayonets, and wherever they had a chance it was all up with the rebels. During the attack of the centre by Grover, Duryea's Battery was placed in position. The advance had to be made by the

flank through a narrow pathway, hardly wide enough for four to go abreast.

The Twelfth Maine was in the advance, followed by the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-first Massachusetts, supported by the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York. Advancing rapidly, the rebels opened a brisk fire in front, also a cross fire from both flanks. Lieut.-Col. Rodman was killed at this point, the fire was so heavy. The rebels concentrating a heavy force in our front, the assault at this point was a dead failure, and the attack on the left amounted to the same.

Owing to some misunderstanding who was to blame for the assaults on the right, Weitzel charged about 8 o'clock, Grover at about 10, Augur and Sherman at 2. Taking our part in sections, the rebs had time to concentrate against each assault. Gen. Sherman led the attack in person, and fell, severely wounded in the leg. Gen. Neal Dow was also wounded. Col. Clark, of the Sixth Michigan was killed; Col. Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York also, by a bayonet thrust; Lieut.-Col. Smith, of the Zouaves, severely wounded.

It must not be supposed that while the army was doing all this desperate fighting on shore, the navy was idle. On the contrary, the gallant Admiral was at work with the entire squadron, both above and below. The gunners moved their position much nearer the enemy's works, and kept up a continuous fire of thirteen-inch shell. The *Hartford* and *Albatross* engaged the upper

batteries, and when Gen. Weitzel captured the six-gun battery before referred to, they moved further down and supported him by attacking the next below; as the sun went down, the guns became silent, and the troops found their way into the ravines, and under the fallen trees, holding our position close to the parapets, which we were not able to go over at present, for reasons best known to ourselves. Our loss was about two thousand.

In Chapter III, I said on March 14th, when we marched from Baton Rouge towards Port Hudson, and then marched back again—I said that we were well able to take Port Hudson at that time, for now we were worn out by our forced marching of three hundred miles through the Teche country, wearing out more men than we could have lost, if we had attacked at that time. The earthworks around Port Hudson were remarkably strong, the parapets of an average thickness of twenty feet, and the ditch fifteen feet deep and twelve feet wide, commencing at a point below the town, about one mile, known as Ross' Landing, extending to Thompson's Creek, about half a mile above. Near Ross' Landing, on the river bank, the line began in an enclosed bastion work. At the south-east salient of the line was another work; a third was situated at the forks of the roads leading to Baton Rouge and Bayou Sara, and there was a fourth facing Thompson's Creek.

The entire length of the line was about four miles, our line about six miles; then for half a mile in front of their works every tree had been cut down and allowed to fall in every direction.

CHAPTER XI.

Soldier Life Among the Grand Old Magnolia Forests. — Splendid Work of the Sharpshooters. — Picking Off the Rebels. — The Story of a Sunday Fight. — Striving to Capture Port Hudson.

HERE we are still among these grand old magnolia forests, with the almost incessant roar of artillery and musketry in our ears, the desultory firing kept up night and day being enough to keep the beleaguered rebels, one would imagine, perpetually without rest. They must certainly attach a deep importance to this stronghold, or human endurance could scarcely hold out against the dreadful ordeal to which we had subjected them. The bloody result of May 27th, taught us that it is far easier to talk of taking a strongly fortified place than to do it; and we paid the dear penalty of that insane supineness which ever permitted such a fortress as Port Hudson to be built, when we could at one time have prevented it with scarcely more than a corporal's guard.

All that the 27th of May left us we not only retain, but have gone far beyond. Along our whole line, from the extreme right to the extreme left, we have been gradually gaining upon the enemy, dismounting their guns as fast as they are remounted, picking off, by our

splendid sharpshooters, every man who dared to show his head above their ramparts, and by these means rendering their armaments almost useless as we steal up closer and closer to them. In some places we have got our batteries to within three hundred yards of them; and it is really terrible to peep through the embrasures of one of them, and almost look down the throats of the enemy's guns, so close to us in front.

Thus matters continued until June 13th, when the commanding General, deeming the time had arrived to give the rebels another strong dose, gave the order for one more simultaneous attack on Sunday morning, June 14th.

Before dawn the most terrific cannonading commenced along our whole line that ever stunned mortal ears. The shells bursting over Port Hudson, mingled with their own firing and that of our fleet, and the dense clouds of our artillery, gave the place the appearance of one vast conflagration just about to burst into flame.

After two hours of this dreadful cannonading, there was a comparative lull, and the sharp and continuous rattle of musketry told where the work of death was going on most furiously. This was at the right, where Gen. Grover's Division was placed, and under him those gallant and fearless soldiers, Generals Weitzel and Paine.

If Weitzel had the larger share in the work of the 27th, that duty seemed to-day to fall on the command immediately under Gen. Paine. The forces of the latter consisted of the Eighth New Hampshire, Capt. Barrett,

and the Fourth Wisconsin, under Capt. Moore, who were in advance as skirmishers. Behind these came five companies of the Fourth Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Tenth New York, under Capt. Bartlett, followed by four companies of the Third Brigade.

Closely upon them came the Third Brigade, under Col. Gooding, and composed of the Thirty-first Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Hopkins; Thirthy-eighth Massachusetts, Maj. Richardson; Fifty-third Massachusetts. Col. Kimball; One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York, Col. Sharpe; One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, Col. Bryan, who was killed. Then the Second Brigade, under Col. A. Fearing, and composed of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, Col. Currier, and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, Maj. Galway, the rest of this brigade being detailed as skirmishers. After the Second came the First Brigade, under Col. Ferris of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut; the Fourth Massachusetts, Col. Walker; and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, under Maj. Hamilton. These were all followed up by the necessary number of pioneers, and Nims' Massachusetts Battery. At 3.30 A.M., Sunday, June 14th, the column formed on the Clinton road and commenced moving.

At about 4 A.M., the skirmishers moved right up the scene of action, Gen. Paine being with them in advancing, and the deadly work commenced, the enemy pouring on them the most terrible volleys, and our dauntless men combating their way right up to the enemy's breastworks.

For hours the carnage continued furiously; our determined soldiers, in spite of their General being seriously wounded, and in spite of the fearful odds against them of fighting against men snugly screened behind their barriers, keeping up the fight with the most indomitable bravery. It was impossible for any men, under their circumstances, to show more reckless disregard of death.

But Port Hudson was destined not to be carried this time, at this point at any rate. Owing to the horrible inequalities of the ground, and the impediments which the overwhelming slaughter of our advance had created, the whole column was not able to come up as expected, and late in the afternoon our troops had to be withdrawn.

During the intensest part of the struggle it is only fair to say, that Col. Kimball of the Fifty-third, and Col. Currier of the One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, advanced most gallantly with their men to reenforce those in front. It is impossible to overrate the courage and endurance which Gen. Paine showed on this occasion. Although so severely wounded in the leg as to be quite disabled, he would not consent to leave the field, but remained there during the long sultry day, to cheer on his men, at the momentary risk of being killed by some rebel shot. Various efforts were made by his men to get him off the field, or at least to get refreshments to him, and two gallant fellows, on two separate occasions, lost their lives in the attempts. One was E. P. Woods, Private, of Co. E, Eighth New Hampshire; and the other, John Williams, Co. D, Thirty-first Mas-

sachusetts. S. N. Busnach, Co. A, Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, succeeded in reaching the General, and supplying him with water, but was wounded in the attempt.

Before Gen. Paine was wounded, he had succeeded in getting five regiments within three or four rods of the enemy's works, some of the skirmishers actually getting inside.

Our loss on this occasion was very great, the killed, wounded and missing of Paine's command reaching to nearly seven hundred. A number of officers and privates, among them Capt. Stanyan of the Eighth New Hampshire, Lieut. Harsley and Lieut. Newell of the same being wounded, were ordered in as prisoners, under threats of being shot from the enemy's works.

The loss in the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, was Lieut. Holmes killed; Lieuts. V. K. Spear, N. Russell, Jr., and Charles H. Taylor (now of *The Globe*), were wounded. Ninety-one out of two hundred and forty, that formed in line that morning, were either killed or wounded. Gen. Paine was shot below the knee of the left leg, and was not brought off the field till night time, when his wound was dressed, and he immediately conveyed to New Orleans.

While this was going on in one portion of Gen. Grover's command, the remainder, if not so hotly pressed, were scarcely less actively engaged. At 2 A.M., the troops under Gen. Weitzel's immediate command got into motion from their present locality (which they so gallantly won on the 27th of May), and advanced

round to the left to Col. Dudley's front, leaving five companies on the picket line.

The attack (for assaults these demonstrations can scarcely be called), was made by two columns in two different places. The column on the right was composed of Grover's Division and Weitzel's Brigade, under command of Gen. Weitzel, while the left was composed of Gen. Emory's Division, under command of Gen. Paine. Col. Dudley's Brigade, of Augur's Division, was held in reserve.

The forces under Gen. Weitzel, comprised his own brigade, formed of the Eighth Vermont, Lieut.-Col. Dillingham; Twelfth Connecticut, Lieut.-Col. Peck; Seventy-fifth New York, Lieut.-Col. Babcock; One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, Lieut.-Col. Perlee, and two regiments of Grover's Division; the Twenty-fourth Connecticut and the Fifty-second Massachusetts. The history of the action on the part of Gen. Weitzel would be but a counterpart of that of Gen. Paine, the same obstacles to overcome, the same indomitable bravery in opposing them, the same temporary suspension of hostilities in the face of opposition too elaborately difficult to be surmounted for that moment.

On the right, Gen. Weitzel in command, the advance was made by the Seventy-sixth New York, under the command of Capt. Cray, and the Twelfth Connecticut, led by Lieut.-Col. Peck, were detailed as skirmishers, forming a separate command under Lieut.-Col. Babcock of the Seventy-fifth New York. The Ninety-first New York, Col. Van Zandt commanding, each soldier carry-

ing a five-pound hand grenade, with his musket thrown over his shoulder, followed next in order. The skirmishers were to creep up and lie on the exterior slope of the enemy's breastworks, while the regiment carrying the grenades were to come up to the same position and throw the grenades into the enemy's lines with a view to rout them, and drive them from behind their works. The Twenty-fourth Connecticut, Col. Mansfield, with their arms in like manner to the grenade regiments followed, carrying sand-bags filled with cotton, which were to be used to fill up the ditch in front of the enemy's breastworks, to enable the assaulting party the more easily to scale them and charge upon the rebels. Following these different regiments came, properly speaking, the balance of Gen. Weitzel's whole brigade under command of Col. Smith of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York. This command consisted of the Eighth Vermont, Lieut.-Col. Dillingham ; the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, Maj. Morse ; and the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, Lieut.-Col. Van Petten. Next came Col. Kimble's and Col. Morgan's Brigade.

CHAPTER XII.

A Dangerous Journey. — Work in the Sap. — Vivid Description of Active Work Close to the Enemy. — Port Hudson Surrendered. — Grant's Success at Vicksburg.

WE will now go into the ravine and know what sights and sounds it is our business to be familiar with. First, we must creep out of the ravine, through the tops of the prostrated trees, whose boughs catch our clothing; then up by the charred trunk, the feet slipping in the mud. Your head now comes in range of riflemen in the trees over there. A few steps more and we come within full range from the parapet; but do not stop to look. Stoop as low as you can, and run. The stumps will shelter you, pitted with the striking of balls against it, as if it had the small-pox when a sapling. When you have caught your breath, run for a trunk; it is an ugly one to get over, for it is breast high, and one's whole body has to come into the enemy's view. Once over this, and the road is smoother. We soon gain the cover of the woods, and are comparatively safe.

Down through a little gully and we enter the beginning of the sap, at the end of the military road. Behind the angle, just back there, is the station of the

ambulance men. They wait there, day and night, with stretchers ready. Three or four a day out of the brigade and working party, are carried out. The ambulance corps is made up largely of the musicians; but music, we never hear it now, not even the drum and fife. It is too stern a time for that. We pass out into the sap. Here is the most dangerous point of all, just at the entrance. You can see how the rebel parapet commanded it. We are going considerable nearer to it, but we shall be better sheltered. 'T is just in front, with an old shot-pierced building behind it, and white sand-bags laying on top of the tawny slope. That old building might be a ruinous mill, and those bags might be grist, laid out there along the wall until the miller was ready for it, but, every day or two, there is a sharp-eyed Mississippian with his rifle pointed through some chink. The trench goes under a large trunk, stretching from bank to bank, and from here we are tolerably safe. Only tolerable; for one of our boys was hit in the face by a glancing ball, and another was mortally wounded by a fragment from one of our shells, which flew back into our lines from over the rebel parapet, where the shell exploded.

Climb a steep pitch now, and we reach the station of Co —. The sap is here about six feet wide, and four feet deep, dug out of the hard soil, the dirt being thrown out on the side toward the enemy, forming a bank rising about five feet from the surface, and therefore about nine feet above the bottom of the trench. Here, now, are our boys, the few that are left, barely twenty. Along

the top of the ridge of earth, logs are placed, into the under side of which, notches are cut at intervals of three or four feet, leaving between the earth below and the timber above a loophole four or five inches in diameter, for the men to fire through.

Let us climb up and take a view of the world through the hole. Carefully laying your body up against the steeply-sloping bank, resting the feet on the edge of the sap. By all means take care that the top of your head does not project above the narrow timber. Your face is at the hole now. From the outside, a groove runs along the top of the thick bank; then comes the open air; and opposite you, within call easily enough, is the deadly ridge; the two or three tents behind it, the old, ruinous chimneys, the one or two shattered buildings, so near you can plainly see threads, and bricks and splinters.

Try one more look. Can you see any one? No head, I'll warrant; for though they are brave enough over there, they are not often careless. The most you will be likely to see will be a hand for a moment with a ramrod, as the charge is pushed home, or a glimpse of butternut, as a fellow jumps past some interval in the sand-bags. You duck your head now as the balls whistle over. It is a nervous sound, but you would soon get over that here. They go with one hundred different sounds through the air, according to the shape, size and velocity of the projectile. Two strike the bank. It is like two quick blows of a whiplash. That went overhead, sharp as the cut of a scimitar; another goes with with a long moan, them drops into the earth with a thud. It comes from

some more distant point, and is nearly spent. A shot comes from some great gun in the rear, an earthquake report; then the groaning, shuddering rush of the shell, as if the air were sick and tired of them, and it was too much to be borne that they should be so constantly sent.

Sit on the edge of the trench now, with your feet hanging down and your back leaning against the pile of earth. The boys have built shelters of boughs just on the other side, to keep off a little the intolerable sun. A line of men goes along the sap, each carrying a fascine. Then comes a party into the bank beyond to give it strength.

Dinner is ready, which is cooked back in the woods, to the rear. Coffee and stewed beans to-day. Then a shower of dirt falls over us, dinner and all, from a ball that hit near the loop-hole; but to dirt and balls alike we are growing indifferent, so we only laugh. But let us go out to the end of the sap.

We pass the Captain of Engineers, who is in charge here. We push through to the cotton-stuffed hogshead at the extremity. Looking back on to a side hill, we can see some of the old wreck of the assault, a rusty gun or two, mouldy equipments, and then a skeleton. Some of the regiments got very near on the 14th. The regiments remaining in advanced position, were constantly under fire and constantly losing a member, killled or wounded. With hundreds and hundreds in hospitals, or silent under brown mounds — mounds which, as it is, have become numerous on hillsides, and wherever the ground is soft and at all easy to the shovel.

While the siege had been in progress, a small body of cavalry had been hovering in the rear, between Clinton and Camp Moore, but they were easily beaten off by Grierson. A very serious danger had, however, arisen in the return of Taylor's forces from Alexandria to the lower Teche and La Fourche Bayous, from which they now threatened the city of New Orleans, as well as Banks' communication on the river. After Banks had left Alexandria for Port Hudson in May, Taylor had been ordered, as we have seen, to accompany Walker's Division from Arkansas on its bootless expedition against Milliken's Bend.

After this expedition had retired from the vicinity of Vicksburg to Monroe, Taylor had asked to take this division to Alexandria and unite it with his own troops, which would give him a force of between seven and eight thousand men. With these he proposed to move down the river and either raise the siege of Port Hudson, or capture the city of New Orleans, according to the disposition of Banks' forces. In this plan Taylor was overruled by Kirby Smith, who ordered Walker's Division to remain in the vicinity of Vicksburg.

Taylor then returned to Alexandria alone, and there recruited and reorganized his own forces, which numbered about three thousand men. He divided them into two detachments, the first of which consisted of the infantry brigades of Mouton and Thomas Green, was to move down the Teche to its mouth, and attack Brashear City in front, while the other detachment, consisting of three cavalry regiments, under Col. Major, was to move

from Opelousas by way of Placquemine and Thibodeau, and attack Brashear City in the rear. Small detachments of Union troops were at this time posted at Placquemine, Donaldsonville and New Orleans, on the river, and at Brashear City and Thibodeau, on the Western Railroad. All the rest of Banks' troops were at Port Hudson.

The detachments moved as ordered, and Major's command reached Placquemine June 18th, capturing its little garrison of seventy men, and burning two steamers; thence Major's hurried on, avoiding Donaldsonville, to Thibodeau, when he attacked and was defeated on the 20th and 21st; thence he moved westward on the railroad to Brashear City. Mouton and Green had meanwhile marched down the Teche, and near its mouth had collected some small boats and rafts. With these they crossed Grand Lake on the 22d, and attacked Brashear City simultaneously with Major's command. The place was captured with everything in it. Taylor's captives numbered seventeen hundred, and the captured guns twelve. Taylor also got the medical and commissary stores, and Banks was once more Commissary for the Confederacy.

Taylor collected his captured property as rapidly as possible, and on the 24th he sent Green with his own and Major's men to Donaldsonville, while Mouton moved along the railway to the La Fourche, whence he sent his pickets as far as Bayou des Allemands, within twenty-five miles of New Orleans, creating no little excitement in that city, which was practically without defenders.

There can be little doubt that had Walker's Division been sent to Taylor, as he requested, he would have captured New Orleans, though he would have been unable to hold it for more than a short time. In regaining it, however, Banks might have felt obliged to raise the siege of Port Hudson. It was still two weeks before Port Hudson surrendered.

Green arrived in front of Donaldsonville with a force of about fourteen hundred men, on the afternoon of the 27th. There was a small earthwork at the place, garrisoned by one hundred and eighty men of the Twenty-eighth Maine, under command of Maj. J. D. Mullin. At 1.30 A.M., of June 28th, the Confederates assaulted the work, but in the darkness there was a good deal of confusion in their movements, and they were completely defeated by the combined action of the little garrison and of three gunboats in the river. The affair lasted until daylight.

Being repulsed in this assault, the Confederates moved down the river a few miles, and then erected batteries commanding its navigation. The situation was now very serious, one force of Confederates in front of the La Fourche, directly threatening New Orleans, and another on the river cutting off all communication by transports with Port Hudson. Gen. Emory, then in command at New Orleans, wrote to Banks, on July 4th, that he must come to the assistance of New Orleans at once or it would be lost: that the choice lay between New Orleans and Port Hudson.

Banks, however, wisely determined to remain at Port

Hudson, as he felt confident it must fall in a few days, when he would have abundant force to drive Taylor off. This confidence was justified. Port Hudson was surrendered on the morning of July 9th, and on the same afternoon all the transports available, were loaded with Weitzel's and one of Grover's Brigades and sent down to Donaldsonville, where they arrived the same afternoon. Other troops followed, and on the 13th, Grover attacked Green's force on the La Fourche, and a sharp engagement followed, which was undecisive in its result. A day or two later, however, Green withdrew to Brashear City, and Mouton was called in to the same point from the Bayou des Allemands.

Banks overestimated Taylor's force, and did not pursue vigorously, so that Taylor had a week longer in which to remove all the stores for which he had means of transportation. On July 21st, he ran all the captured cars and heavy guns in Berwick's Bay, and on the following day began his retreat up the Teche. Banks' troops arrived at Brashear City on the 22d, but did not continue the pursuit. Taylor retreated without molestation to Opelousas, where he remained, skirmishing occasionally on the Teche, until the opening of Banks' Red River Campaign, in the Spring of 1864.

On July 7th, a letter was received from Grant, communicating the intelligence of the surrender of Vicksburg. Salutes were fired, and loud and prolonged cheers were given along the Federal lines. The news quickly spread among the Confederates, and in the afernoon of that day, Gardner asked Banks to give him an official

assurance that the news was true. Banks replied during the night, sending a copy of Grant's letter. Gardner immediately announced his willingness to surrender, and proposed the appointment of three commissioners on each side to arrange the details. Banks acceded to this, and the commissioners met at 9 A.M., and drew up the articles of capitulation, by which the entire garrison was surrendered as prisoners of war, together with all arms, munitions, public funds, and materials of war and the post.

The garrison laid down its arms on the morning of the 7th, and was paroled a few days later. The number actually paroled was five thousand nine hundred and fifty-three, exclusive of about five hundred sick and wounded in the hospitals. The losses during the siege of forty-five days were about five hundred. The artillery numbered fifty-one pieces, and the small arms over five thousand. There were also large quantities of ammunition, but almost no commissary stores.

CHAPTER XIII.

Opening of the Famous Red River Expedition. — Capture of Fort de Russey. — The River Open to Alexandria. — The True Inwardness of the Red River Campaign.

EARLY in March, Gen. Franklin with his division moved from New Orleans by railroad to Brashear City, along the Teche Bayou, and by way of Opelousas towards Alexandria. Admiral Porter had, in the meantime, collected at the mouth of the Red River a powerful fleet of armed steamers — the *Ozark*, *Osage* and *Neasho*, monitors; the *Benton*, *Carondelet*, *Pittsburg*, *Mound City*, *Louisville*, *Essex* and *Chilicothe*, ironclads; the *Price*, *Choctaw* and *Lafayette*, rams; the *Black Hawk*, *Ouachita*, *Champion* and *Tyler*, smaller and lighter gunboats, besides other vessels. On the 10th of March, the force under Gen. A. J. Smith, consisting of the first and second divisions of the Sixteenth Army Corps, and the first and fourth divisions of the Seventeenth, embarked at Vicksburg in twenty transports, descended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Red River, and joined the fleet of Admiral Porter on the afternoon of the 11th. On the 12th, the fleet moved up the more southerly of the two arms of the Red River,

called Old River, and entered the Atchafalaya, a navigable outlet of the Red River, a portion of whose waters flow southwest by this channel to Lake Chehinachea, whence they subsequently find their way to the Gulf of Mexico, passing Brashear City.

On the 13th, a landing was effected at the site of Simmsport, about ten miles down the bayou, the town having been destroyed during the siege of Port Hudson, and some troops under Gen. Mower were sent to Bayou Glace, where a rebel force, estimated at two thousand, had been encamped in a strongly fortified position. The enemy had disappeared from that point, as well as from Yellow Bayou, where strong, though incomplete earthworks indicated an intention on the part of the rebels to use Atchafalaya as a base of supplies, its shallowness during a great part of the year rendering it comparatively safe from naval attacks. Gen. Smith immediately decided to march overland against Fort de Russey, distant about thirty-five miles from Simmsport, leaving the fleet to follow as soon as the obstructions in the river could be removed.

Fort de Russey, situated at Gordon's Landing, on the south bank of the Red River, seventy miles from its mouth, was a formidable quadrangular work, with bastions and bomb proofs, covered with railroad iron, connected with a water battery, the casemates of which appeared to be capable of withstanding the heaviest shot and shell.

The position of the fort was such that its guns commanded the approaches by the river, both above and

below, so that Admiral Porter's gunboats might have found it a serious obstacle. Fortunately the garrison had been reduced from one thousand to little over three hundred. It was important, therefore, that it should be attacked before re-enforcements could be thrown into it.

At daybreak on the 14th, the army set out in light marching order for the fort, the brigade of Gen. Mower in the advance. The enemy's cavalry, a part of the force of Gen. Dick Taylor, kept up a series of harassing demonstrations during the entire march, and more than once the rear division had to form line of battle. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the advance arrived in the woods surrounding the open space about the fort, from which a fire of shell and shrapnell was opened from four guns. A brisk cannonade was immediately commenced on the fort from two batteries, and continued for two hours; then followed an advance of skirmishers, a heavy fusilade, and a charge led by the Fifty-eighth Illinois and the Eighth Wisconsin. When the ditch was reached the garrison surrendered, and within twenty minutes from the time that the assault was ordered the color-sergeant of the Fifty-eighth Illinois planted the flag of the Union on the enemy's works. In the meantime the fleet had returned to the Red River, demolished a formidable barricade which had cost the rebels months to construct, and two vessels, the *Neasho* and the *Eastport*, arrived opposite the fort while the attack was going on. The *Eastport* opened her batteries, but suspended fire when the assault commenced.

The loss was trifling on both sides, that of the Federals

being nine killed, and thirty-nine wounded; that of the rebels five killed, and four wounded. Ten guns were taken, a large number of small arms, two thousand barrels of gunpowder, and a quantity of ammunition and commissary stores. The immediate destruction of the fort was ordered, but on the 17th it was accidentally blown up. The capture of Fort de Russey opened the Red River to Alexandria, about one hundred and fifty miles above, on the south bank, and that portion of Gen. Smith's force which had been engaged at the fort was immediately embarked on transports, sent up the river and occupied the town, shortly afterwards followed by the remainder of the troops and the fleet.

The enemy's forces retired, as well as several of their gunboats, towards Shreveport. On the 19th, Gen. Stone, Gen. Banks' chief of staff, arrived at Alexandria, and on the 20th, Gen. Lee, with the cavalry of Gen. Banks' Division, after marching from Franklin across the Teche country. During the first week after the occupation of Alexandria, four thousand bales of cotton were obtained, besides large quantities brought in by negroes. Gen. Banks declaring that the occupation of the country would be permanent, hundreds of citizens, among whom were a number of prominent residents of Alexandria, came forward and took the oath of allegiance to the United States; a recruiting office was opened, and a large number of white men enlisted in the Federal service.

Gen. Mower ascended the river as far as Natchitoches, eighty miles above Alexandria, on the west bank of the

river, and on the 21st defeated a body of the enemy, captured two hundred and eighty-two prisoners and a battery of four guns, and took possession of the town. On the 26th, Gen. A. J. Smith left Alexandria and commenced a march toward Natchitoches, to be followed by the troops of Gen. Banks as they arrived. Twelve gunboats and about thirty transports having succeeded, after extraordinary exertions on the part of Admiral Porter, in passing the shoals above Alexandria, also moved up the river, their co-operation with the land force being deemed essential to the success of the expedition. Some of the larger vessels were detained below till the water should rise in the river.

On the 4th of April the column of Gen. Banks reached Natchitoches, and remained there two days, when the march from Shreveport was resumed by the Mansfield road. This road runs south of and at a considerable distance from the river, through pine woods and a barren, sandy country, without water or forage. It was desirable, therefore, that the army should spend as little time as possible in traversing it. Gen. Lee, with the cavalry, had the advance, followed by the Thirteenth Army Corps under Gen. Ransom; after which moved the first division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, under General Emory, a brigade of colored troops under Col. Dickey, bringing up the rear. A division of the Sixteenth Army Corps, under Gen. A. J. Smith, followed two days later.

The army consisted of about forty thousand men, and was thus commanded: The cavalry by Gen. Lee, formerly of Grant's army — said to be a favorite of the

Lieutenant-General, and with the reputation of being an efficient and active officer. The artillery was under Brig.-Gen. Richard Arnold, a Captain of the Second Artillery of the Regular Army, and chief of the service in this department. Gen. Franklin was second in command of the forces. He had one division of his army corps with him — that commanded by Gen. Emory. The division of Gen. Graves was left at Alexandria to hold the post. Gen. Smith's forces consisted of two divisions. Gen. Ransom's forces also consisted of two divisions. With this army he began his march. The country through which he was to move was most disadvantageous for a marching army.

The topography of Virginia has been assigned as a reason for every defeat of the Army of the Potomac, but Virginia is a garden and a meadow when compared with the low, flat pine counties that extend from Opelousas, far in the South, to Fort Smith in the North, and cover hundreds of thousands of square miles. There are few plantations and fewer settlements. These are merely built in clearings, of pine logs thatched and plastered with mud, a few narrow roads, with no sign of life or civilization beyond an occasional log house and half-cleared plantation. The bark is stripped from the trees, that they may rot and die in a few months, and thus save their lazy owners the trouble of cutting them down.

Into this country Gen. Banks was compelled to march. He found in the beginning that the arms of his service would be almost worthless. So long as he marched, his cavalry might picket the woods and skirmish along the

advance, but in action they would be helpless as so many wagon trains. His artillery would be of no use unless he should manage to get the enemy into an open clearing, which was as improbable as it would be to get troops with works to fight in front of them. The country was little more than a great masked battery. It was an unproductive, barren country, and it became necessary to permanent military operations to carry along everything that an army could use.

Such a thing as subsisting an army in a country like this could only be achieved when men and horses could be induced to live on pine trees and rosin. About forty-four miles from Grand Ecore there is a clearing of more than usual size, and upon it there was built more than the ordinary number of houses, and showing more than the common degree of enterprise and taste. This clearing forms a plateau, and as it rises as high, perhaps, as fifty feet, the people have taken advantage of the fact and called it "Pleasant Hill."

Against this point it was determined to march. We knew that the rebel army was in that direction, and it was not at all likely that they would make a stand and show us battle. The army marched accordingly, Lee leading the advance, moving slowly with his cavalry, and followed as rapidly as possible by the infantry division of Gen. Ransom. By Thursday, April 7th, the whole army was in motion, and the advance was nearing Pleasant Hill. Gen. Banks broke camp, and with his staff and a small escort rode to the front. Before him were two-thirds of his army; behind him the

remainder, under Gen. Smith, and, composed of many of the bravest veterans in Grant's army, was marching rapidly.

Early in the day, on Thursday, our cavalry had passed beyond Pleasant Hill, and about two miles above, near a ravine, they had met the rear guard of the enemy. A sharp skirmish ensued. The fighting became so earnest at last that Gen. Lee begun to doubt the ability of his cavalry to force a passage, and sent to Gen. Franklin for a brigade of infantry, as a re-enforcement. The enemy were driven, however, before the infantry arrived, with severe loss, the cavalry being compelled to dismount and fight through the woods. In this skirmish we lost about fifty men killed, wounded and missing. The object of Gen. Banks' spring campaign was political as well as military. The importance of the Southwest may be properly estimated, when we consider our relations with Mexico and the embarrassments occasioned by the French interference with that Republic.

The occupation of Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, by Gen. Banks, last year, did much towards checking the designs of the French Emperor. An American army was placed on the frontier of the new-made dependency, and any diplomacy between Davis and Napoleon was thus shattered and silenced. That occupation was merely a check. To make it a checkmate, the capture of Shreveport was necessary. This town occupies a point in the extreme north-western part of Louisiana, near the boundary line of Arkansas and Texas. At the head of steamboat navigation on the Red River, in the midst of

the largest and richest cotton districts in the trans-Mississippi department, the rebel capital of Louisiana, the headquarters of Kirby Smith, and the depot of supplies for the rebel army. But the Government desired Shreveport and the undisturbed possession of the Mississippi, and Gen. Banks was charged with the duty of taking it.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cavalry Contending with the Retiring Foe. — A General Conflict. — Pressed Back by Overwhelming Numbers. — Emory Looked for as Anxiously as Blucher at Waterloo.

THIS skirmish convinced us that the enemy in front was in more than usual force. We learned from prisoners that Lieut.-Gen. E. Kirby Smith of the rebel army was in command, that his trains had fallen back on the road to Mansfield, and that his army was retreating with more than usual disorder. It of course suggested itself that our pursuit should be rapid, and if we showed proper enterprise, we might capture Mansfield and the whole train of the rebel army. An order was given that the army should march early in the morning, and shortly after dawn the whole force was on the advance, Gen. Banks and staff following.

The advance was pushed with energy. Our army skirmished all the way, and once or twice the enemy made a demonstration of force. Our troops quietly drove them, and we marched on. The roads began to be in a horrible condition, and frequently we were compelled to halt and repair them, building bridges, removing stumps and widening the paths. At about 11 in the

morning, Gen. Banks reached Gen. Franklin, at a point about ten miles from Pleasant Hill. The cavalry had passed on the train following. One division of his infantry had crossed the Fourth Division of the Thirteenth Army Corps, under the immediate command of Brig.-Gen. Ransom. His men were engaged building a bridge over a bayou that embarrassed the march, and his train was about to cross. He reported to Gen. Banks that everything was going on finely; that his force was pressing the enemy, who was slowly falling back, and that, as he could not hope to march much further, he had thought it best to make his headquarters at a neighboring log hut, and had accordingly halted his trains. Gen. Banks directed his own trains to be halted there, and after resting awhile and holding a conference with Gen. Franklin, remounted and rode to the front.

This was shortly after noon. A brief ride brought the General to the advance. He found the cavalry slowly pushing on, and the enemy disputing their march. It was a tedious process. The quietly retiring foe — the quietly advancing cavalry — the soldiers dismounted, and, creeping from tree to tree, occasionally interchanging shots, and sometimes so many at a time that it sounded like the badly fired volleys by which some of our militia escorts at home pay the last honors to a dead comrade. Still we pushed on until we reached a point that seemed to be about five miles from the bayou, and the clearing beyond, where Gen. Franklin had established his headquarters.

At this point another clearing had been made for a

plantation. It was roughly divided into fields for cotton and cane, and an old saw mill near by seemed to indicate that the owner had a larger share of enterprise than is generally given to the chivalrous lords of these majestic pines. The irregular firing was at an end, for here the enemy ceased to creep and seemed disposed to make a stand. Evidently we were marching too rapidly, and if they desired to save their trains they must fight for them. Gen. Banks saw this, and ordered the infantry to the front to support the cavalry, and make a spirited assault. In the meantime, in the event of the enemy being stronger than was expected, or too strongly posted, aids were sent to the rear to hurry forward the advance of Ransom's other division, commanded by Gen. Cameron, as well as to Gen. Franklin, directing him to advance with Emory's Division of the Nineteenth Army Corps.

The Union forces were stationed as follows: On the right and in the belt of timber which separated the first from the second field was Lucas' Cavalry Brigade, mostly dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, while beyond and supporting this brigade, was the Fourth Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, under the command of Col. Landrum; the Twenty-third Wisconsin, however, which occupied the left flank of this division, was on the left of the road acting as a support to Nims' Battery. The Fourth Division was composed of the following regiments, stationed in line of battle in the following order, commencing at the right, namely: Eighty-second Ohio, Ninety-sixth Ohio, Nineteenth Kentucky, One Hundred and Thirteenth Illinois, Forty-eighth Ohio, Sixty-seventh

Indiana, Seventy-fifth Indiana, and Twenty-third Wisconsin. Between the Eighty-second and Ninety-sixth Ohio, on the right, two small howitzers were placed. The field on the left side of the road beyond the Twenty-third Wisconsin, was occupied by Col. Dudley's Brigade of cavalry, composed of the Thirty-first and Forty-first Massachusetts, Fourth Wisconsin and Eighth New Hampshire (mounted infantry), the main body being deployed in line with a small force in reserve near the centre of the field; Nims' Battery, six pieces, was stationed on our extreme front, just at the point of the belts of timber on the right. One section was on the right of the road and trained so as to fire through the woods into the field beyond; one piece was in the road and three on the left; to the left of this battery there were two small howitzers. The Chicago Mercantile Battery was stationed not far from the centre of the first field on the right, and near a cluster of log houses, where Gen. Banks had his headquarters. The section of Battery G was further to the left and rear, and trained so as to fire to the right. About 4 o'clock P.M., the Fourth Division was moved forward through the belt of timber, and took position in line of battle behind the fence that inclosed the field beyond.

The enemy was reported to be advancing, and Col. Wilson of Gen. Banks' staff, Col. Brisbin of Gen. Lee's staff, Maj. Cowan and other staff officers were sent to ascertain the truth of the report. These officers soon returned and reported the whole rebel line to be in motion and rapidly advancing. Our troops in silence awaited

the attack, and it soon came, the right being brought into action first. High and dreadful swelled the conflict. The enemy pressing forward at all points met a terrible resistance. Volley after volley was poured into their ranks, sweeping down hundreds, only to give place to new hundreds, who pressed forward to supply the place of the fallen.

Our troops stood firm, but the rebels, who outnumbered us more than two to one, began, after an hour's hard fighting, slowly to gain ground, and our thinned and bleeding ranks were pressed back by overwhelming numbers into the woods.

The rebels now began to show a heavy force on our left, which was the real point of attack, their movements toward our right having been a ruse to induce us to weaken our left by sending troops to the right, in which they had succeeded. It was plain to all that no human bravery or skill could long withstand the odds against which our troops were fighting, and that unless Franklin speedily arrived, we would be forced to retire. Gen. Franklin, with his staff, did come up, but his division, under command of Gen. Emory, was yet in the rear.

Our thinned and wearied ranks stood up nobly against the masses and murderous fire of the rebels, and cheer after cheer went up, mingled with the almost incessant roll of musketry and roar of cannon. The forces of the brave Gen. Ransom had been cut up dreadfully, and he himself borne wounded and bleeding from the field; but still they held this position, fighting gallantly. Gen. Cameron's Division of the Thirteenth Army Corps

arrived and hastened to the support of Col. Landrum's Division, but like bees from a hive the rebels swarmed upon it, and it was fast melting away under the storm of bullets that was continually rained upon them.

Blucher at Waterloo was not more anxiously looked for than was Emory of Franklin's Corps upon that field. But he came not. We had now engaged less than eight thousand men fighting a force of over twenty thousand men in their chosen positions. Emory was reported to be within two miles with his division, and rapidly coming up. The officers encouraged their men to hold the field until his arrival, and bravely indeed did they struggle against the masses that constantly pressed them upon both flanks and in front, but, borne down by numbers, their shattered ranks were pushed over the field and into the woods beyond.

The enemy had now driven back our left, and were within sixty yards of Nims' Battery, which was firing double charges of grape and canister, sweeping down the rebels in piles at every discharge. Gen. Lee, seeing that Nims' Battery, if it were not speedily removed, would be captured, by direction of Gen. Stone, ordered Col. Brisbin to have it taken from the field. The order came too late. Not horses enough were left alive to haul the pieces from the field. The cannoneers lay thick about the guns, and dead and wounded rebels in windrows before them. Two of the guns were dragged off by hand, and Lieut. Snow was shot down while spiking a third. Four of the guns of this battery could not be got off and fell into the hands of the enemy.

In the meantime our right was fiercely engaged, and our centre was being pressed back, and finally the right also gave way. Six guns of the Mercantile Battery, two guns of Rawle's G Battery, Fifth United States Artillery, two mountain howitzers of the Sixth Missouri Howitzer Battery, four guns of the First Indiana Battery, and six guns of Nims' Battery were left on the field.

Nims' Massachusetts Battery worked manfully. The veteran battery, the hero of seventeen engagements, always successful, but this time doomed to defeat, deserves to have its name written in letters of gold.

When the time was approaching that it could hold out no longer, each piece was loaded with a case of grape and canister, spherical case shell and a sack of bullets containing about three hundred. This hurled death and destruction into the ranks of the enemy, who wavered and fell back at every discharge of these fated guns. The battery lost twenty-one officers and privates, sixty-four horses and eighteen mules. Then came one of those unaccountable events that no genius or courage could control. Suddenly there was a rush, a shout, the crushing of trees, the breaking down of rails, the rush and scamper of men. Men found themselves swallowed up as it were in a hissing, seething, bubbling whirlpool of agitated men, who could not avoid the current. The line of battle had given way. Gen. Banks took off his hat and implored his men to remain. His staff officers did the same; but it was of no avail. Then the General drew his sabre and endeavored to rally his men, but they would not listen. Behind him the rebels were shouting

and advancing. Their musket balls filled the air with that strange file-rasping sound that war has made so familiar to our fighting men. The teams were abandoned by the drivers; the traces cut and the animals ridden off by the frightened men. Bare-headed riders rode with agony in their faces, and for at least ten minutes it seemed as if all were going to destruction together. They rode nearly two miles in this madcap way, until on the edge of a ravine, which might formerly have been a bayou, we found Emory's Division of the Nineteenth Army Corps, veterans who had never been defeated. The rock of safety to the Thirteenth Corps was drawn up in line of battle. Opening their ranks to permit the retreating forces to pass through, each regiment of this fine division closed up on the double quick, quietly awaited the approach of the rebels, and in less than five minutes on they came, screaming and firing as they advanced, but still in good order and with closed ranks.

All at once from that firm line of gallant soldiers that now stood so bravely there came forth a course of reverberating thunder, that rolled from flank to flank in one continuous peal, sending a storm of leaden hail into the rebels' ranks that swept them back in dismay, and left the ground covered with their killed and wounded. In vain the rebels strove to rally against this terrific fire. At every effort they were repulsed, and after a short contest they fell back, evidently most terribly punished. It was now quite dark, and each party bivouacked on the field. Thus ended the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, April 8th, 1864.

CHAPTER XV.

A Council of War. — Withdrawal to Pleasant Hill. — Sharp Fight Between Cavalry Forces. — A Fearfully Desperate Charge. — The First Line of Battle of the Rebels Annihilated.

AFTER the close of the battle of Friday, a council of war was called by Gen. Banks, and it was decided to withdraw the army to Pleasant Hill, that place offering a better position to give battle to the enemy, who, it was expected, would renew the attack early in the morning. It was also known that Gen. A. J. Smith's command had reached Pleasant Hill, and Gen. Banks was anxious to unite the forces of Smith with his own. The withdrawal of the force commenced at 10 o'clock, and before daylight the rear of the army was well on the road. The enemy in the night had pressed his pickets down on our front, but he failed to discover the movement of our troops, the withdrawal being conducted with greatest silence and expedition. It was not until morning that he was made aware that our army had left his immediate front when he followed after with his main force, sending forward his cavalry in hot haste to find our whereabouts. But they failed to come up with our forces until they had reached Pleasant Hill.

Gen. Emory's Division brought up the rear, and arrived at Pleasant Hill about 7 o'clock in the morning. Our forces were all at Pleasant Hill. The rebels were advancing, calvary in front, endeavoring to discover our position. Col. O. P. Gooding, with his brigade of Lee's Cavalry Corps, was sent out on the Shreveport road to meet the enemy and draw him on. He had gone about a mile when he came upon the rebel advance. Skirmishing immediately ensued, and, according to the plan, he slowly fell back.

The fight was very sharp between these cavalry bodies, and Gooding lost nearly forty men killed and wounded, inflicting, however, as much damage as he received. Among his casualties, were Capt. Beck and Lieut. Hall of the Second New York Veteran Cavalry. Col. Gooding made a narrow escape, a ball passing through and tearing the crown out of his hat, and grazing the skin. The brigade behaved very gallantly, covering Gen. Emory's front until his line of battle was formed.

The battlefield of Pleasant Hill is a large open field, which had once been cultivated, but was then overgrown with weeds and bushes. The slightly elevated centre of the field, from which the name Pleasant Hill is taken, is nothing more than a long mound, hardly worthy the name of hill. A semi-circular belt of timber runs around the field on the Shreveport side.

Gen. Emory formed his line of battle on the side facing these woods, Gen. McMillan's Brigade being posted on the right, Gen. Dwight's in the centre, and Col. Benedict's on the left. Taylor's Battery L, First

Regulars, had four guns in the rear of the left wing, on the left of Shreveport road, and two on the road in rear of Gen. Dwight's line. Hibberd's Vermont Battery was on the right. In the rear of Emory, and concealed by the rising ground, were Gen. Smith's tried troops, formed in two lines of battle fifty yards apart. All his artillery was in the front line, a piece section, or battery, being on the flank of each regiment, the infantry lying between them. The Thirteenth Corps was in reserve in the rear under Gen. Cameron, Gen. Ransom having been wounded the day before. Gen. Smith was commander-in-chief of the two lines back of the crest, while Gen. Mower was the immediate commander of the men.

The commander of the right brigade on Gen. Smith's first line was Col. Lynch; the left brigade was Col. Shaw's. The second line also consisted of two brigades, the right under control of Col. ——, and the left commanded by Col. Hill. Crawford's Third Indiana Battery was posted on the right of the Eighty-ninth Indiana Infantry, and the Ninth Indiana Battery on the right of the line of battle. The Missouri Iron Sun Battery was also in this section of the battle.

The wind howled piteously through the trees, fanning the long pendants of gray, funereal-like mass, which decked the tops of the tall waving cypress and pines. The sky was shrouded with portentous clouds, while dense volumes of dust partially concealed the long pontoon trains as they rumbled heavily to the rear. At 4.30 o'clock, precisely, the rebel cavalry advanced toward the right and centre, the exultant foe yelling in the most

fiendish manner, at the same time brandishing their sabres in the air.

On they came at a slow trot, in good order, as they neared our lines gradually quickening their pace, while close in their rear came the three solid battle-lines of the enemy, shouting an indescribable battle-cry which would cause the nerves of the timid to vibrate, reminding one of all the ferocity of savages. From out the woods belched the enemy's artillery, when there arose from the crouching forms of several thousand loyal men a fearful roar of musketry, opening wide gaps in rebel lines, but they were as speedily closed, and the enraged foe with sudden dash threw his gigantic force against our front, and for a moment our whole line seemed to waver, giving way a few yards. The suspense of this fearful moment was terrible to bear, for it seemed to portend defeat; in another moment our artillery scattered grape and canister in appalling quantities upon the exasperated enemy, literally mowing them down with an enormous scythe. The fighting was terrific: old soldiers say it was never surpassed for desperation.

Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the Nineteenth Corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave possession of Taylor's Battery, and forced our line still further back. Now came the grand *coup-de-main*. The Nineteenth, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly filed off over the hill, and passed to the left.

We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by Gen. Emory, what remained being forced back into the second line. But these two lines came on exultant and sure of victory. The first passed over the knoll, and, all heedless of the long line of cannon and crouching forms of as brave men as ever trod mother earth, pressed on. The second line appeared on the crest, and the death signal was sounded. Words cannot describe the awful effect of this discharge. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that one thousand men were hurried into eternity, or frightfully mangled by this one discharge.

Scarcely had the seething lead left the guns, when the word "Charge!" was given, and seven thousand brave men precipitated themselves upon the shattered ranks of the enemy. Emory's Division, which had only yielded to superior numbers, and remained unbroken, now rushed forward and joined the Sixteenth Corps, driving the rebels rapidly down the hill to the woods, where they broke and fled in the greatest confusion and dismay. Col. Benedict, while gallantly leading his brigade in the charge, fell dead, pierced by five balls. The battle was fought, and the victory won.

Our troops followed up the rebels until night put an end to the pursuit. In the last charge we recaptured

Taylor's Battery, which had been lost in the earlier part of the action, and retook two guns of Nims' Battery, which had been lost in the battle of the preceding day. The ten-pound Parrott gun which the rebels captured at Carrion Crow was also retaken. Five hundred prisoners, all the dead and wounded, three battle standards, and a large number of small arms, fell into our hands.

Our victorious army slept upon the battlefield, which was one of the bloodiest of Louisiana. Early the next morning, our line of march was taken up to Grand Ecore to obtain rest and rations, the army being too much fatigued by the three days' fighting and severe marching it had undergone, to attempt pursuit of the enemy.

This battle was one of the best appointed and delivered of the war. It reflects much credit upon the head of the Army of the Gulf, and is equally honorable to all who were engaged in it. Gen. Banks was present from the beginning to the close of the engagement, and rode over the field through showers of bullets, personally directing the movements of the troops. Gen. Banks' staff ably assisted him, freely sharing the danger with their chief, and behaving throughout the action with the greatest gallantry. Gen. Franklin and staff were in the hottest of the fire.

Of the soldiers who so bravely fought the battle, and achieved a splendid victory, it need only be said that the men of Maine, Missouri, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, Kentucky, Illinois and Indiana, sustained their reputation, standing shoulder to shoulder with the

loyal Louisiana troops, and well may their States be proud to claim them as sons of their soil. The heroes of Vicksburg and Port Hudson now added the name of Pleasant Hill to the list of their glorious victories.

The cavalry division, except a part of Col. Lucas' Brigade, was not in the action on Saturday, the main body having been sent to convoy the wagon-trains to Grand Ecore. No part of the Thirteenth Army Corps was in the battle.

In the battle of Friday the rebel Gen. Moulton was killed by the unerring rifles of the Nineteenth Kentucky. He received four balls in his body. The rebel Gen. Kirby Smith was in command of the troops in the battle at Pleasant Hill.

The entire losses of the campaign thus far may be summed up as follows: Twenty pieces of artillery, fifteen hundred men in Gen. Ransom's Corps, six hundred men in Gen. Emory's Division, five hundred men in Gen. Smith's Sixteenth Army Corps, four hundred men in the cavalry division, one hundred and thirty cavalry division and brigade wagons, twelve hundred horses and mules, including the great number that died on the march across the Teche from disease.

It was difficult to determine at that time what would be the result of this expedition. It would take some time to reorganize before an advance could be resumed. The transports and gunboats were all above Grand Ecore. The rebels were very troublesome on the river above Grand Ecore. They succeeded in planting a battery between our fleet and this place. The gunboats

shelled the woods all day, and perhaps dislodged them. The transports were almost constantly fired on from both sides of the river. Seventeen miles below here the rebels appeared on the east side of the river. The *Ohio Belle*, loaded with soldiers and quartermasters' stores, in charge of Chief Clerk O'Neil of St. Louis, was fired into at that point and two soldiers badly wounded. The fine passenger steamer, *Millie Stephens*, loaded with troops, was fired into at the same place, sixty shots taking effect. Six persons were wounded, and one killed.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Navy in a Bad Way.— Ironclads vs. *Infantry.— The Eastport Blown Up with a Ton of Powder after Six Days' Delay.—Bravery of Porter.— Safe Arrival at Alexandria.*

ON the arrival of the army at Grand Ecore, they immediately began building fortifications. A pontoon bridge was thrown across the river, and two batteries, two brigades of infantry, and a brigade of cavalry, crossed over and marched up on the other side of the river to the relief of the gunboats and transports under command of Admiral Porter, which had left Grand Ecore on the 7th to make their way up the rivers to Shreveport. They had reached as far as Springfield Landing when they were brought to a stop by the rebels sinking a very large steamer, the *New Falls City*, right across the river, her ends resting on each bank, and her hull broken in the middle, resting on the bottom. This was a serious obstruction to the navy, which would take some time to remove. The river was still falling, and in the mean time the following despatch was received by Gen. Banks: —

Should you find that the taking of Shreveport will occupy ten or fifteen days more time than Gen. Sherman gave his troops to

be absent from their command, you will send them back at the time specified (forty days), even if it should lead to the abandonment of the expedition.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

As the navy had already delayed us so long, orders were therefore sent to the army, which was protecting the gunboats, to return to Grand Ecore.

It would be difficult to describe the return passage of the fleet through this narrow and snaggy river. As long as our army could advance triumphantly it was not so bad, but they had every reason to suppose that this return would be interrupted in every way, and at every point, by the enemy's land forces, and they were not disappointed. They commenced on them from high banks, at a place called Coushatta, and kept up a fire of musketry whenever an opportunity was offered them. By a proper distribution of the gunboats they had no trouble in driving them away, though from the high banks they could fire on the decks almost with impunity. As the boats proceeded down the river they increased in numbers, and as the boats only made thirty miles a day they could cross from point to point, and be ready to meet them on their arrival below. On the left bank of the river Gen. Harrison, with nine hundred cavalry and four or five pieces of artillery, followed them down, annoying them.

It was very fortunate that this General and his command were severely handled by a gunboat a few weeks before, which made them careful about coming within range.

On the evening of the 12th instant, the boats were

attacked from the right bank of the river by a detachment of men of quite another character. They were a part of the army which two or three days previous had gained success over our army, and flushed with victory, or under the excitement of liquors, they appeared suddenly upon the right bank and fearlessly opened fire on the *Osage* (ironclad), Lieut.-Com. T. C. Selfridge, she being hard aground at the time, with a transport (the *Black Hawk*) along side of her towing her off. The rebels opened with two thousand muskets, and soon drove every one out of the *Black Hawk* to the safe casements of the monitor. Lieut. Bache had just come from his vessel (the *Lexington*), and fortunately was enabled to pull up to here again, keeping close under the bank, while the *Osage* opened a destructive fire on these poor deluded wretches, who, maddened with liquor, and led on by their officers, were vainly attempting to capture an iron vessel. I am told that their hootings and actions baffle description.

Force after force seemed to be brought up to the edge of the bank, where they confronted the guns of the iron vessel, only to be cut down by grape-shot and canister. In the meantime, Lieut. Bache had reached his vessel, and widening the distance between him and the *Osage*, he opened a cross-fire on the infuriated rebels, who fought with such desperation and courage against certain destruction that could only be accounted for in one way, "Louisiana rum."

This affair lasted nearly two hours before the rebels fled. They brought up two pieces af artillery, one of

which was quickly knocked over by the *Lexington's* guns, the other they carried off. The cross-fire of the *Lexington* finally decided this curious affair of a fight between infantry and gunboats. The rebels were mowed down by his canister, and finally retreated in as great haste as they had come to the attack, leaving the space of a mile covered with the dead and wounded, muskets and knapsacks. Gen. Green was in command of these forces, and was killed. Night coming on, the fleet was troubled no more with guerilla fighting. The next morning, 13th inst., the fleet arrived at Compte. Six miles from Grand Ecore the fleet all got aground, and here was another delay. The troops which Gen. Banks had sent up on the other side of the river arrived at this time, and with pulling and hauling the fleet floated to Grand Ecore, under the escort of the Nineteenth Army Corps. The fleet was still in a bad predicament; there was no rise in the river. The gunboat *Eastport*, after getting over the bar at Grand Ecore, sank, eight miles below.

The great trouble with the fleet was a lack of pilots who understood the Red River, as the vessels were constantly running aground. Col. Bailey offered to construct dams and float them down to Alexandria. As the navy was an independent auxiliary, they did not wish any assistance from the army in navigation, so his services were declined. But they were very glad to accept of his proposition when they arrived at Alexandria. On examination it was determined to save the *Eastport*, if possible, and finally, on the 21st of April, she started in

tow of the pump-boat, *Champion*, No. 5, and with the pump of *Champion*, No. 3, transferred to the *Eastport*, and connected with her boilers. This arrangement kept the water out of the fire-room, and confined it to the bow. The transports followed, a gunboat bringing up the rear, towing a flatboat on which were all of the *Eastport's* guns.

On the first day the *Eastport* made twenty miles down the river, but at 6 o'clock in the evening, she grounded from not being in the channel, and the first of our difficulties commenced in getting her over the bars and other obstructions which abound in this river. She had grounded eight times badly, and each time under circumstances where it was very doubtful if she would come off. The men worked with almost superhuman efforts to save the *Eastport*, sleeping apparently neither night or day. On the sixth day everything looked hopeful. Sixty miles had already been made, when bang! the *Eastport* went into another sandbar; another effort was made to float her, but it was no use, they only succeeded in getting her in a worse position. At the same time a gang of guerillas made appearance on the right bank and opened fire. The vessel was lying tied to the bank. They made a rush to board the *Cricket*. They were driven off, and the *Cricket* dropped out into the stream and opened on them with grape and canister, and with a heavy cross-fire from the other vessels they were driven off.

The *Eastport* was in a position right across the channel, with a bed of logs under her. From that position

no human power could move her. If she had been destroyed at Grand Ecore, it would have saved the loss of a great many lives. The fleet would have kept along with the army, and would have had no trouble with guerillas. Six days and nights had already been used up in trying to save her, but to no purpose, and at last the order was given to destroy her. One ton of powder was placed in her in various positions, she was filled with such combustibles as they could procure, and at 1.45 P.M., April 26th, the *Eastport* was blown up, Lieut.-Com. Phelps applying the match, and being the last one to leave the vessel. He had barely time to reach the boat when the *Eastport* blew up, covering the boat with fragments of wood. Seven different explosions followed, and then the flames burst forth in every direction. The vessel was completely destroyed — as perfect a wreck as ever was made by powder. All stores, etc., were removed, and such parts of the machinery as could be made available by the rebels. There was nothing but the iron plates left behind, which finally fell inside the hull.

The *Eastport* was blown up, and they proceeded down the river. They were not molested until they had gone about twenty miles, at a point above Cane River. When rounding the point, the vessels in close order and ready for action, they descried a party of the enemy, with artillery, on the right bank, and they immediately opened fire with their bow guns. The enemy immediately returned it with a large number of cannon, nine pieces in all, every shot of which struck this vessel.

The Captain, H. H. Gorringe, gave orders to stop the engines, for the purpose of fighting the battery, and covering the boats astern.

Admiral Porter corrected this mistake, and got headway on the vessel again, but not soon enough to avoid the pelting shower of shot and shell which the enemy poured into them, every shot going through and through them, clearing all our decks in a moment. Finding the guns not firing rapidly the Admiral stepped on the gun-deck to see what was the matter. As he stepped down, the after gun was struck with a shell and disabled, and every man at the gun killed and wounded. At the same moment the crew from the forward gun were swept away by a shell exploding, and the men were wounded in the fire-room, leaving only one man to fire up.

The Admiral made up a crew from the contrabands, who fought the gun to the last moment. Finding that the engine did not move, he went into the engine-room and found the engineer killed, whose place was soon supplied by an assistant. He then went to the pilot-house and found that a shot had gone through it and wounded one of the pilots; he took charge of the vessel, and as the battery was a very heavy one, he determined to pass it, which was done. They let us drift down around the point and shelled the enemy's batteries in the rear. This enabled the *Juliet* and pump-boat *Champion*, lashed together, to escape from under the bank.

The Admiral started down a few miles below where he had ordered the ironclads to be ready to meet him in

a case of emergency. He ran ashore a short time after passing the batteries, and had to remain there three or four hours. It was after dark when he reached the iron-clads, where he found the *Osage* lying opposite a field-battery of the enemy, which they had been shelling through the day. As the firing had ceased above, hopes were entertained that the *Hindman* had silenced the batteries. In five minutes the *Cricket* was struck thirty-eight times with shot and shell, with a loss of twenty-five men killed and wounded; the *Juliet*, with fifteen killed and wounded; the *Hindman* lost three killed, five wounded. The firing of the gunboats was so heavy that the rebels withdrew, when the fleet continued on its way to Alexandria, and was safe once more under the protection of the army.

CHAPTER XVII.

Grand Ecore Evacuated. — Forced March of Forty Miles. — Battle of Cane River. — Flanking Gen. Emory's Position. — The Arrival of the Union Army at Alexandria.

THE army marched from Grand Ecore on the evening of the 21st of April, having been detained there by the condition of the navy, ten days, and to prevent the occupation of Mouet's Bluff, on Cane River, a strong position commanding the only road leading across the river to Alexandria, or to prevent the concentration of the enemy's forces at that point. If it was in their possession, it was necessary to accomplish the evacuation without their knowledge, and to prevent their strengthening the natural defences of the position, by the rapidity of our march. We partially frustrated the first object, but the second was fully accomplished.

About eight thousand men and sixteen guns, under command of Gen. Bee, were found in possession of the bluff on the opposite side of the river, who were evidently surprised at the unexpected presence of our army, but ready to dispute our only passage to Alexandria. At daybreak one division of the Nineteenth and Thirteenth Corps each, the cavalry commanded by Gen. Arnold,

and the artillery by Capt. Classon, the whole under command of Gen. W. H. Emory, were ordered forward to the river for the purpose of forcing this position. The head of the infantry column, consisting of Gen. Emory's Division, marched at 4.30 A.M., preceded by the cavalry, under Gen. Arnold, Col. Gooding's Brigade leading. In less than three miles from Clenturville, the enemy's pickets were encountered. The cavalry was ordered to drive them in and press them until they ascertained the line of battle occupied by the enemy, which was very strong, and defended by two batteries of eight guns each, which crossed their fire on an open field, through which it was necessary to pass before we could reach the enemy's position. The ground occupied by them, besides being covered with timbers, was about one hundred feet higher than that by which we were obliged to approach.

The pickets of the enemy were encountered on the west side of the river and quickly driven across, but the main position was found to be too strong to be carried by direct attack. A reconnoitering party under Col. Baily of the Fourth Wisconsin Volunteers, was sent to ascertain the practicability of crossing the river below the ferry towards Red River, on the morning of the 23d. They reported that the river was not fordable below the ferry, and that owing to the impassable swamps on one side, and the high bluffs on the other, it would not be possible to cross Cane River at any point below the ferry. If we failed to dislodge the enemy at the ferry, the only alternative upon us was to attempt a crossing at the

north side of Red River, an exceedingly difficult and dangerous movement.

Capt. Classon, Chief of Artillery, was ordered to bring forward his artillery and batter the enemy's position, supported by Gen. McMillan, commanding two brigades of the First Division. Gen. Arnold was directed to send a brigade of cavalry over to our left, cross below and threaten the enemy's left flank and rear, with orders if Birge was successful, to pursue the enemy.

The ground over which Gen. Birge had to pass was exceedingly difficult, traversed by muddy bayous, high and sharp ridges, covered by dense growth of pine. His progress was necessarily very slow and tedious, and he did not get into position until late in the afternoon. While he was getting into position, the artillery was beautifully handled by Capt. Classon, who kept the enemy's attention fully occupied; and at the moment the first rattle of Gen. Birge's musketry was heard, the battery was placed in position directly in front of the crossing, and displayed lines of skirmishers as if preparing for an assault. The enemy made an attempt to cross the river and charge this battery, but was quickly repulsed by the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, who were supporting it; and Col. Chrisler, commanding Second New York Cavalry, dismounted as skirmishers, with great gallantry led his skirmishers on foot immediately, and took possession of the crossing.

At 9 o'clock in the morning, troops under command of Gen. Birge, consisting of a detachment of the Third Brigade, Second Division, Nineteenth Army Corps,

composed of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, and the Third Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, Col. Fessenden, commanding, and a division of the Thirteenth Corps, under Gen. Cameron, were ordered to ford the river three miles above the ferry and turn the left flank of the enemy, and carry the heights in the rear. The first troops to cross were the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, followed by the rest of the command. Four companies of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, under command of J. H. Wyman, were deployed as skirmishers; six companies, under command of Col. Richardson, acting as support. Two companies of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York were thrown out as flankers, this command under Col. Smith. Following an old wagon road about one mile, we came in the rear of the enemy.

Moving steadily forward through woods and across open fields, driving in the enemy's skirmishers, who obstinately contested every foot of ground over which we were obliged to pass, we crossed a narrow stream, skirmished up a thickly-wooded hill and down its descending slope until a rail fence was reached bounding a closed piece of ground, beyond which were high bluffs, where the enemy were strongly posted and kept up an incessant fire. A halt was made beyond this fence, while the reserve formed in the rear, and dismounted cavalry was sent into the woods on the right to reconnoitre.

The order Forward! soon came, and the Thirty-

eighth Massachusetts, still deployed, went over the fence and charged the hill, under heavy fire. Thanks to Gen. Birge, the regiment was not thrown forward unsupported. Emerging from the woods, the Thirtieth Maine, and the One Hundred and Sixty-second and the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York, followed the skirmishers in a magnificent line of battle, charging across the open field and up the bluff, and after a short resistance the rebels retreated precipitately, leaving a portion of their dead and wounded on the ground.

Re-forming the lines and being strongly reinforced, the column advanced through the woods to another opening, with a hill beyond similar to the one just taken, and where it was expected the enemy would make a more stubborn resistance, but when the charge was made, no foe was found and the road to the river was clear. That night we encamped near the spot where we had crossed in the morning, and glad enough were the men to unsling their knapsacks, which they had carried all day, and gather around the camp fires to discuss the battle, while they ate their simple supper. Our loss in this most brilliant and successful affair was about two hundred killed and wounded. Among the killed was Capt. Julius Lathrope, Co. I, Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, a brave and efficient officer.

As soon as the enemy was drawn off, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the river, and the wagon trains and batteries passed over. The Nineteenth and Thirteenth Corps had continued the march during the night; the next morning the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New

York marched on, leaving the Thirty-eighth with the Sixteenth Corps, who had been engaged with the enemy, and who reached the crossing as the rear of the other corps left it.

An immense number of contrabands of all ages, sizes, and colors came in with Gen. Smith, laden down with bundles, hastily packed up as they deserted the plantation, and left old massa and missus to hoe their own corn and bake their own hoecakes. Some were mounted on mules, some had rigged up old mule-carts and filled them with bags of clothes, iron pots and babies. An artist would have found many subjects worthy of his pencil in the quaint procession. One group impressed itself on my mind very vividly. A woman with an immense bundle on her head, was leading a mule with a rope halter, walking with as stately a tread as did ever Cleopatra. Astride of the mule were two little children, the foremost one holding on to a large bundle, the other clasping his companion's waist. The children were neatly dressed, the long fringe on their straw hats partially shading their faces. The complexion of the whole party told of other than African blood.

The appearance of these contrabands reminded the spectator of the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt; for, like the ancient fugitives from slavery, these modern ones had evidently borrowed largely from their masters and mistresses, and many a gay parasol and lace mantle spoke of the mansion rather than the cabin. They wisely prepared, however, with such loads to accompany a retiring army closely pursued by its foes, and either by

the advice or command of some wise officers, a sifting of their effects took place at the crossing, and a portion of their burdens was left behind. The Western boys rigged themselves in the cast off bonnets and gowns. They looked more like a masquerading party than a retreating army as they filed across the pontoon. For some unexplained reason the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts was detained to support a battery until the whole army had crossed the river and the pontoon was taken up, when the battery moved on and the regiment followed.

Everything now in the rear was rebels, and the unfortunate soldier who fell out, had a fair chance of seeing Galveston, via Shreveport. The enemy followed, and had constant skirmishes with the cavalry, but the infantry was not again engaged, and after three days' hard marching, partly through the pine woods, we entered Alexandria on the afternoon of the 26th, and went into camp near the place from which it had started.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Colonel Bailey's Success in Damming Red River. — The Gunboats Saved by the Nineteenth Army Corps. Loss of the Covington. — A Break in the Dam.

UPON our arrival at Alexandria, on the 25th of April, Maj.-Gen. Hunt was waiting with despatches from the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies, reaffirming instructions which were received at Grand Ecore relating to the operations of the army elsewhere, and to the necessity of bringing the Shreveport campaign to an end without delay. The only possible means of executing the peremptory orders had already been taken. Gen. Hunt left on the 13th of April with despatches to Gen. Grant, giving a report of the condition of affairs; that the fleet could not pass the rapids; that there was no course for the army but to remain for its protection; that the enemy would concentrate all his forces at that point for the destruction of the fleet, and that it was necessary to concentrate our troops west of the Mississippi; and the same point by which the navy could be relieved and the forces of the enemy destroyed. Maj.-Gen. McClernand, with the largest part of the forces from Matagorda Bay, which had been evacuated

by order of Gen. Grant, dated March 31st, arrived at Alexandria on the evening of the 29th of April.

From the difficulty which the supply transports have encountered in passing the falls, it was known at Grand Ecore, as early as April 15th, that the navy could not go below, and the means of its release were fully discussed among officers of the army. During the campaign at Port Hudson the steamers *Starlight* and *Red Chief* were captured by Grierson's Illinois Cavalry, under command of Col. Prince, in Thompson's Creek. The bed of the creek was nearly dry, and the steamers were sunk several feet in the sand. After the capture of Port Hudson, Col. Bailey constructed wing dams, which, raising the water, lifted the steamers from the sand and floated them out of the creek into the Mississippi.

This incident naturally suggested the same work at Alexandria for the relief of the fleet. A survey was ordered for the purpose of determining what measures could be best undertaken. The engineers of the army had completed surveys of the falls captured from the enemy during our occupation of Alexandria in 1863, at the commencement of the Port Hudson campaign. It was found upon examining these charts, and upon survey of the river, that the channel was narrow and crooked, formed in solid rock, and that it would be wholly impracticable to deepen its bed. It was therefore determined to commence the construction of a dam to raise the river to such a height as to enable the vessels to float over the falls. This project was freely discussed by engineers and officers of the army. When the sub-

ject of building a dam was first spoken of to Admiral Porter by Banks, he said that he did not believe in it, for they had *damned* the river ever since they had been there, and the water had gone down lower and lower.

Lieut.-Col. Bailey, acting engineer of the Nineteenth Army Corps, proposed a plan of building a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, and raising the water high enough to let the vessels pass over. This proposition looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it; but Col. Bailey was so sanguine of success that the Admiral requested Gen. Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily into the work. Provision was short, and forage was almost out. The dam was promised to be finished in ten days.

Gen. Banks placed at the disposal of Col. Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some three thousand men, and two or three hundred wagons. All the neighboring steam-mills were torn down for material, two or three regiments of Maine men were set at work felling trees, and on the second day after his arrival in Alexandria, the work had fairly begun. Trees were felled with great rapidity, teams were moving in all directions, bringing brick and stone, quarries were opened, flatboats were built to bring stone down from above, and every man seemed to be working with a vigor that was seldom equalled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which at that stage of water it seemed to be impossible to make a channel. The work was commenced by running out

from the left bank of the river a tree dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick and stone, cross-tied with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which ingenuity could devise. This was run out about three hundred feet into the river. Four large coal barges were then filled with brick and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river, cribs, filled with stone, were built out to meet the barges; all of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep everything before it. It will take too much time to enter into the details of this truly wonderful work. Suffice it to say, that the dam had nearly reached completion in eight days' working time, and the water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the *Fort Hindman*, *Osage* and *Neasho*, to go down and be ready to pass the dam. In another day it would have been high enough to enable all the other vessels to pass the upper falls.

While engaged in constructing the dam, Gen. McClernand had charge of the army that was stationed in the vicinity of Gen. Moore's plantation and Chanivil, but showed that lack of ability and military discipline which Gen. Grant, in his book, gives him credit for. He allowed the rebel Gen. Polignac to pass entirely around his camp with about ten thousand men, which took up their position at Dunn Bayou, on the Red River, about thirty miles below Alexandria, planting a battery in position. Until the 4th of May, communication with the Mississippi by the river was unobstructed. Lieut.

William Simpson left by the gunboat *Signal* with despatches for Gen. Grant, Admiral Farragut, Gen. Sherman and Gen. Rosecrans. The gunboat *Covington*, having in convoy the transport *Warner*, accompanied the *Signal*.

While passing Wilson's plantation, the *Warner* was fired into by about one hundred infantry, losing one man. She returned fire from her stern gun, and then passed on. After proceeding about one mile and a half farther, Mr. McClossy, a pilot belonging to the *General Price*, struck the stern of the vessel against a bar, thereby breaking the port rudder badly, and shivering the tiller. He was told that, hereafter, Mr. Emerson, another pilot, would manage her. The *Warner* was tied up all night about a mile from the Red House, and commenced repairing the rudder. At about 5 o'clock, she was joined by the United States steamer *Signal*. Both kept up, through the night, an irregular fire on the right-hand shore going down, as they had fired upon the *Warner* with infantry while they were repairing.

At 4.30 o'clock in the morning, they got under way, the *Warner* in the lead, *Covington* next, and the *Signal* last. At Dunn's Bayou (on the right going down) they were fired upon by two pieces of artillery and infantry. The *Covington* was hit by this battery only three times, and the *Warner's* rudders were disabled, but she still continued down stream until she came to a short point in the river, when she went into the bank. She had no sooner struck the bank when a rebel battery and from four to five thousand infantry opened fire on her.

The *Covington* and *Signal* immediately commenced firing. Almost every shot either struck the boilers, steam-pipe or machinery of the *Warner*, as she was only about one hundred yards from the battery. After they had engaged the battery about three hours, the *Warner* hoisted a white flag, the others still keeping up fire. A party from the *Covington* was sent out to burn her, but the Colonel in charge sent word that there were nearly one hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded, and requested that she should not be burned, which was granted. A short time after, the *Signal* was disabled.

The *Covington* immediately rounded to, and went alongside of her, took her in tow and started up stream; but the rudders became disabled, and the *Signal* got adrift. It was impossible to pass the *Warner*. Knowing that the *Signal* would drift down on the *Warner*, and the rebels could immediately board her, the order was given to anchor the *Covington*, which was done, she being made fast, head up stream. Her stern guns were used on the lower battery, and a broadside on the infantry on the other side; her bow guns on a battery that was ahead, which had been brought down from Dunn's Bayou. The *Covington's* escape pipe was cut while alongside of the *Signal*, causing a great deal of steam to escape, making the impression that the boilers had been struck. The men, however, soon rallied, and kept up a brisk fire on the enemy. Most of the soldiers and officers, among whom were Col. Sharp, of the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York Volunteers; Col.

Rainor, One Hundred Twenty-eighth Illinois (wounded in both legs); Lieut. Simpson, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Banks, and Acting Assistant Paymaster Chester, went over on the *Signal*. The *Signal* getting adrift, they were not able to return.

After the *Covington* had been tied to the bank an hour or so, the steam-drum was cut, and a shell struck under the boilers letting out all the water. The ammunition gave out, the howitzers were disabled by the bracket-bolts drawing out, and every shot came through. With one officer, and a good many already killed, it was determined to burn the *Covington*. The guns were spiked, fire strewn on the deck, an officer set fire to the cutter, which was on the guard alongside of the engines, and she was destroyed. While they were leaving the vessel to get upon the bank, a terrible fire of infantry was opened on them; some were killed. When the officers and men were all collected together it was found that there were nine officers and twenty-three men — a loss of five officers and thirty-nine men. They started through the woods for Alexandria at 10.30 o'clock. When within ten miles of Alexandria they were fired upon by rebel cavalry, scattering them.

The whole action lasted about five hours, and the *Covington* was badly riddled from stem to stern, there being no less than five shots in her hull, and some forty or fifty in her upper works. Acting Master's Mate Gross was killed by a shot that came through the shell room. The officers and men lost all of their personal effects. The only thing that was saved was the signal-book and

the despatches. Whilst these stirring events were taking place down the river the excitement at the dam was intense, as the work was approaching completeness.

Unfortunately on the morning of the 9th instant the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges, which swung in below the dam on one side. Seeing this unfortunate accident the *Lexington* was ordered to pass the upper falls, if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the dam. The *Lexington* succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time, the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on anxious for the result. The silence was so great as the *Lexington* approached the dam that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, and was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded safely into the bank. Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Fleet Brought Safely Below the Rocks. — The Town of Alexandria on Fire. — The Army on the Move. — A Bridge of Twenty-six Boats Across the River.

THE *Neasho* followed next, all her hatches being battened down, and every precaution being taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the *Lexington*, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and stopped his engine, when she should have carried a full head of steam. The result was that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight under the water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with only one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The *Hindman* and *Osage* both came through beautifully without touching a thing. The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Col. Bailey, only induced him to renew his exertions after he had seen the success of getting four vessels through.

The soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair damages, being confident now that all the gunboats

would be finally brought over. These men had been working for eight days and nights, up to their necks in water in the broiling sun, cutting trees and wheeling bricks, and nothing but good humor prevailed among them. On the whole, it was very fortunate that the dam was carried away, as the two barges that were swept away from the centre swung around against some rocks on the left, and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterwards appeared, from running on certain destruction.

The force of the water and the current being too great to construct a continuous dam of six hundred feet across the river in so short a time, Col. Bailey determined to leave a gap of fifty-five feet in the dam and build a series of wing dams on the upper falls. This was accomplished in three days' time, and on the 11th instant, the *Mound City*, *Carondelet* and *Pittsburg* came over the upper falls, a good deal of labor having been expended in hauling them through, the channel being very crooked and scarcely wide enough for them. Next day the *Ozark*, *Louisville*, *Chillicothe* and two tugs also succeeded in crossing the upper falls. Immediately afterwards the *Mound City*, *Carondelet* and *Pittsburg* started in succession to pass the dam, all their hatches battened down, and every precaution taken to prevent accident.

The passage of these vessels was a most beautiful sight, only to be realized when seen. They passed over without an accident, except the unshipping of one or two rudders. This was witnessed by all the troops, and the vessels were heartily cheered when they passed over.

Next morning at 10 o'clock, the *Louisville*, *Chillicothe*, *Ozark* and two tugs passed over without any accident, except the loss of a man, who was swept off the decks of one of the tugs.

This was, without doubt, the best engineering feat ever performed. Under the best circumstances, a private company would not have completed this work under one year, and to an ordinary mind the whole thing would have appeared an utter impossibility. Leaving out his abilities as an engineer, he saved a valuable fleet, worth nearly $2,000,000. The highest honors bestowed on Col. Bailey could never repay for the service he rendered the country. If Gen. Banks had not come forward with his troops, Admiral Porter would have had to blow up his fleet.

Gen. Banks deserves much credit for the manner in which he forwarded the enterprise, giving his whole attention to it night and day, scarcely sleeping while the work was going on, attending personally to seeing that all the requirements of Col. Bailey were complied with on the instant. I do not believe there ever was a case where such difficulties were overcome in so short a time, and without any preparation.

The construction of the dam was exclusively the work of the army. But little aid or encouragement was rendered by officers of the navy, except by Lieut. A. R. Lanthorne, commanding the *Mound City*, who assisted in setting the cribs, and was always ready to answer the call of the officers charged with the construction of the work. The soldiers labored zealously night and day, in

and out of the water, from the 1st to the 13th of May, inclusive, when the passage of the boats was completed.

The following are the names of some of the officers: Lieut.-Col. Bailey, Acting Military Engineer, Nineteenth Army Corps, in charge of the work; Lieut.-Col. Pearcall, Assistant; Col. Dwight, Acting Assistant Inspector-General; Lieut.-Col. W. B. Kinsey, One Hundred and Sixty-first New York Volunteers; Lieut.-Col. Hubbard, Thirtieth Maine Volunteers; Maj. Sawtelle, Provost Marshal, and Lieut. Williamson, Ordnance Officer.

The names of some of the regiments employed, follow: Thirtieth Maine, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Emerson; One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, commanded by Col. George M. Love; One Hundred and Sixty-first New York, commanded by Capt. Prentiss; One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, commanded by Col. Currie.

If the expedition was not as successful as was hoped for, it showed the indomitable spirit of Eastern and Western men to overcome obstacles, deemed by most people insurmountable. It presented a new feature; nothing like it had ever been accomplished before.

Preparations had been made for the movement of the army the evening after the passage of the boats below the dam on the 12th, and after all were below on the 13th, orders were given for the march. Rumors were freely circulated throughout the camp at Alexandria, that upon evacuation the town would be burned. To prevent this destruction of property, part of which belonged to loyal citizens, Gen. Grover, commanding the post, was

ordered to provide for its occupation by an armed force until the army had marched for Simmsport. The measures taken were sufficient to prevent a conflagration in the manner in which it had been anticipated. But on the morning of evacuation, while the army was in full possession of the town, a fire broke out in a building on the levee, which had been occupied by refugees or soldiers, in such a manner as to make it impossible to prevent a general conflagration. The ammunition and ordnance transports and the depot of ammunition on the levee, were within a few yards of the fire. The boats were floated into the river and the ammunition moved with all possible despatch. The troops labored with alacrity and vigor to suppress the conflagration, but, owing to a high wind and the combustible material of the buildings, it was found impossible to limit its progress, and a considerable portion of the town was destroyed.

This day the point was passed where the enemy had blockaded the river, and near their rifle-pits were found the remnants of the captured mails, the ground being covered with the envelopes of the sixteen thousand letters that had fallen into their hands. The postage, not yet defaced, had been carefully torn off, as if the captors had a lurking suspicion that the portrait of Washington was of more intrinsic value than that of either of the Confederate chiefs.

Although the enemy had abandoned their position on the river, they still continued to harrass the retreating army, keeping the cavalry constantly skirmishing, and on the afternoon of the 15th, the firing became so rapid

that the army formed in line of battle several times, with the expectation of an engagement. At sundown the musketry increased, accompanied by artillery, and the second division of the Nineteenth Army Corps went through the little town of Marksville on the double-quick to the assistance of the cavalry, who were reported to have been severely handled. The enemy drew off, however, and the division bivouacked on an open plain beyond the village.

At daybreak the next morning our advance encountered his cavalry on the prairie east of the town. He fell back with steady and sharp skirmishing across the prairie to a belt of woods, which he occupied. The enemy's position covered three roads, diverging from Mansura to the Atchafalaya. He manifested a determination here to obstinately resist our passage.

The engagement, which lasted several hours, was confined chiefly to the artillery until our troops got possession of the edge of the woods — first upon our left by Gen. Emory, and subsequently on our right by Gen. Smith, when he was driven from the field after a sharp and decisive fight, with considerable loss. The 16th of May we reached Simmsport, on the Atchafalaya. Being entirely destitute of any ordinary bridge material for the passage of this river, about six hundred yards wide, a bridge was constructed of the steamers, under direction of Lieut.-Col. Bailey. This work was not of the same magnitude, but was as important to the army as the dam at Alexandria was to the navy. It had the merit of being an entirely novel construction, no bridge of such magni-

tude having been constructed of similar materials. The bridge was completed at 1 o'clock on the 19th of May. The wagon train passed in the afternoon, and the troops the next morning, in better spirit and condition, as able and eager to meet the enemy as at any period of the campaign.

The command of Gen. A. J. Smith, which covered the rear of the army during the construction of the bridge and the passage of the army, had a severe engagement with the enemy under Polignac on the afternoon of the 19th at Yellow Bayou, which lasted several hours. Our loss was about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded; that of the enemy much greater, besides many prisoners taken by our troops. Now let us see what the rebs thought of the expedition.

"Gen. Taylor followed the enemy very vigorously, capturing and destroying three gunboats and eight transports. He insisted that with Walker's, Parsons' and Churchill's Divisions, he could overwhelm Banks, who was now at Alexandria assisting Porter, who was trying to get his gunboats over the falls. The infantry in Arkansas was immediately put in motion, to him as it seemed the enemy might be compelled to abandon or destroy his fleet. Unfortunately for us he built a dam across Red River, by the aid of which, together with a slight rise, he succeeded in getting all his boats off before our troops arrived in force. Gen. Taylor had thrown his forces all around the place, and had entirely cut off communication with the river below. There was some severe skirmishing between the enemy and our cavalry, but the latter

were always compelled to retire when the enemy came out in heavy force. It was in the river, near Fort De Russy, that our cavalry captured the gunboats. The *Eastport*, one of the finest ironclads in the Western waters, was sunk by the enemy about fifty miles above Alexandria, where she had gotten fast aground. While they were at Alexandria our boats went constantly down as far as Cotile, carrying subsistence and forage.

The Yank showed less enterprise than usual, on account of the dissatisfaction which we understood to exist between the different Generals. Once or twice while they were at Alexandria, the position of our forces was such, that by a sure and comparatively safe movement of ten thousand men he might have ensured beyond peradventure capture of Polignac's Division. They must have been in the main aware of the position and strength of our forces. Along with the hope of accomplishing his main purpose, he seems to have given up all desire to acquit himself with any credit. The Yankees left Alexandria about the 14th of May, after burning about two-thirds of the town. The gunboats took off some of their armor to lighten them, and ten or twelve heavy guns were burst on the river bank. Gen. Taylor fought them at Moreausville three or four hours, and then drew off his force, which was between them and Simmsport. Following up this retreat, he received a severe repulse at Yellow Bayou, six miles from Simmsport."

CHAPTER XX.

A Review of the Campaign. — Cause and Effects. — Insubordination of Officers. — Jealousy and Conflicting Authority. — General Banks Credited with Great Bravery and Honesty. — The Army and Gunboats Separate. — Farewell to Mississippi. — The Nineteenth Corps at Washington.

THE forces designated for this campaign numbered forty-two hundred men. Less than half that number were actually available for service against the enemy during its progress. The distance which separated Gen. Steele's command from the line of our operations (nearly two hundred miles) rendered his movements of little moment to us or to the enemy, and reduced the strength of the fighting column to the extent of his force, which was expected to be from ten to fifteen thousand men.

The depot at Alexandria, made necessary by the impracticable navigation, withdrew from our forces three thousand under Gen. Grover. The return of the Marine Brigade to the defence of the Mississippi, upon the demand of Maj.-Gen. McPherson, and which could not pass Alexandria without its steamers, nor move by land for want of land transportation, made a further reduction of three thousand men.

The protection of the fleet of transports against the enemy on both sides of the river made it necessary for Gen. A. J. Smith to detach Gen. T. Kilby Smith's Division of twenty-five hundred men from the main body for that duty. The army train required a guard of five hundred men. These several detachments, which it was impossible to avoid, and the distance of Gen. Steele's command reduced the number of troops that we were able at any point to bring into action from forty-two to about twenty thousand men.

The losses sustained in the very severe battles of the 7th, 8th and 9th of April, amounted to about thirty-nine hundred and sixty-nine men, and necessarily reduced our active forces to that extent. The enemy, superior to us in numbers in the outset, by falling back was able to recover from his great losses by means of re-enforcements, which were within his reach as he approached his base of operations, while we were growing weaker as we departed from ours. We had fought the battle at Pleasant Hill with about fifteen thousand against twenty-two thousand men, and won a victory which for these reasons we were unable to follow up.

It was never understood that an expedition that involved a land march of nearly four hundred miles into the enemy's country, and which terminated at a point one might not be able to hold, either on account of the strength of the enemy or the difficulties of obtaining supplies, was to be limited to thirty days. The condition of our forces, and the distance and difficulties attending a farther advance into the enemy's country after the battles

of the 8th and 9th, against an enemy superior in numbers to our own, rendered it probable that we could not occupy Shreveport within the time specified, and certain that without a rise in the river, troops necessary to hold it against the enemy would be compelled to evacuate it for want of supplies, and impossible that the expedition should return in any event to New Orleans in time to co-operate in the general movement of the army contemplated for the spring campaign. Under the general prize law, the naval authorities, upon their arrival at Alexandria, commenced the capture of cotton on both sides of the river, extending their operations from six to ten miles into the interior. Wagon trains were organized, cotton gins were put in operation, and the business followed up with great vigor, While the fleet lay at Alexandria some difficulty occurred with the marines, who insisted upon their right to pass the lines of the army, which was terminated by the advance of the army and navy to Grand Ecore.

The army did not enter into competition with the navy in the capture of this property. In order to remove all the products of the country which might under any circumstances be used to aid the rebellion against the government, Gen. Grover, in command of the port of Alexandria, and the Quartermaster of the Port, upon the departure of the army from Alexandria, were directed to collect such property as should remain there after its departure, and transmit it to the Quartermaster at New Orleans, who was instructed to turn it over to the officers of the Treasury, to be disposed of according to the orders

of the government and the laws of Congress. Notice was also given to the Supervising Agent of the Treasury at New Orleans that no trade would be allowed with that portion of the State until it should be completely and permanently occupied by the army. No person was allowed to accompany the army upon this expedition as reporter, or for any other purpose without distinct and written declaration that no trade by private parties or for personal purposes would be permitted under any circumstances, and that no property on private account would be transported on public or private vessels to New Orleans; but that all property sent to New Orleans would be consigned to the Chief Quartermaster, and by him turned over to the Treasury Agent, and held subject to such claims and orders as should be approved by the Government at Washington.

Previous to our departure from New Orleans, the Chief Quartermaster, Col. S. B. Holabird, had been instructed that no privileges would be given to any party whatever, under any circumstances, to trade in or dispose of, or to transport private property; that all property that came down from that country, so far as the army was concerned, would be turned over to him, and by him to the proper Treasury officers. The same information was given to the Treasury Agent. No permission was given to any person to accompany the army, except upon these express conditions, and then only to persons whose public position seemed to be a full guarantee against abuse of the privilege; and when requests could not properly be refused, they were given to reporters of the public

press, and to prominent officers of States whose troops were in the field.

Upon representation made by officers of the Treasury Department at Alexandria, that there would be difficulty in receiving such property, except under the Treasury regulations of the 26th of January, 1864; these regulations were officially promulgated for that purpose at Alexandria and at New Orleans. These orders were strictly enforced by all officers connected with or representing the army. There was no permission whatever given to any person to trade or dispose of or transport private property; no privilege of this kind was recognized under any circumstances. Every dollar's worth of property that came into the hands of the army during this campaign was either appropriated to its use in kind by the proper officers of the Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments, receipts being given therefor, or transmitted to the Chief Quartermaster at New Orleans, and by him turned over to the Treasury Agents to be disposed of according to the laws of Congress and the orders of the Government. When cotton or other property interfered with the transportation of any material of the army, or of refugees, negroes, or troops upon the evacuation of the country, it was thrown from the boats and abandoned upon the river levee to the enemy.

The statement is as comprehensive on this subject as language can make it, and covered all possible methods, direct or indirect, by which officers or citizens, public or private parties, or any person whatever, could evade or violate these orders on the rivers or at New Orleans, or

appropriate by any means public or private property to private uses or personal advantages, to deprive the government or individuals of any property which by any interpretation of military orders as public laws could be considered as belonging justly and properly to them. Gen. Grover, commanding the post; Col. S. B. Holabird, Chief Quartermaster at New Orleans; and Hon. B. F. Flanders, Supervising Special Agent Treasury Department, accounted to the government for public or private property that came into their hands during that campaign.

The first difficulty encountered in this campaign was in the navigation of the rivers. Sixteen days' delay caused by the inability of the fleet to pass the rapids at Alexandria, and three days' delay at Grand Ecore in waiting the rise of the rivers, enabled the enemy to concentrate his forces, and rendered futile that movement by the army which the success of the expedition demanded. Eight days of the delay at Alexandria would have been attributable to the tardy organization of Franklin's command, but the fleet was unable to pass the falls until eight days after his arrival at Alexandria. This delay was doubtless owing to the impracticable navigation of the rivers; but it is not improper to say that the forecast and diligence which are enforced upon all men in the daily affairs of life would have forbidden an attempt to force a fleet of so much importance to the free navigation of the Mississippi to a point from which it could never hope to escape, except upon the theory that the river ought to or might rise.

The co-operation of the navy was an indispensable condition and basis of the expedition. Maj.-Gen. Halleck informed Gen. Banks, January 11th, that he had been assured by the Navy Department that Admiral Porter would be prepared to co-operate with the army in its movements, and the Admiral himself informed Gen. Banks, February 26th, that he was prepared to ascend Red River with a large fleet of gunboats, and to co-operate with the army at any time when the water was high enough. The fleet was as necessary to the campaign as the army. It would have been better to have taken eight or ten light-draught gunboats, than to have forced twenty ironclads four hundred and ninety miles up a river proverbially as treacherous as the rebels who defended it, and which had given notice of its character by steadily falling, when, as the Admiral reported, all other rivers were booming.

The column of Gen. A. J. Smith was a partially independent command. Gen. Sherman, in his despatch of the 10th of April, received the 16th, informed Gen. Banks that the thirty days for which he had loaned him Gen. Smith's command would expire on the 10th of April, the day after the battle of Pleasant Hill. Gen. Smith's instructions, which he showed, required him to confer constantly with Admiral Porter, the approved friend of the Army of the Tennessee. His orders were dated Headquarters Red River Expedition, steamer *Clara Bell*. He never declined co-operation with Gen. Banks, nor did he receive orders from him. He made no official report of his forces or their operations. He

was in no wise responsible for the results of the expedition, and may, perhaps, be said to have gained as much by its failure as he would by its success. When his thirty days were up, he claimed the right at Grand Ecore to return to Vicksburg, irrespective of the condition of the army or the fleet, and did not consider himself at all responsible for the inevitable consequences of his withdrawal to the army or the navy, nor for that detention which their preservation demanded. That responsiblity Gen. Banks was called upon to assume in written orders. No doubt his official course was entirely consistent with his orders.

Gen. Mower of the Sixteenth and Gen. T. Kilby Smith of the Seventeenth Army Corps made earnest efforts to infuse into the different corps that unity of spirit which is as essential to victory as the valor of the soldiers in actual battle. The results of the position of the cavalry train, and the loose order of march by the leading column of troops under Maj.-Gen. Franklin on the 8th of April, before the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, have been stated. A commanding officer is, of course, responsible for all that occurs to his command, whatever may have been the cause.

In reviewing this wonderful campaign, the reader will see that there was a great conflict of authority, a kind of go-as-you-please. The four different army corps were always at a discord, a great deal of jealousy existing amongst the officers and men. When the Nineteenth Corps were not quarreling, the Thirteenth were. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, composed of Western

troops, were claiming superiority to the Eastern troops; the regular organized cavalry were continually finding fault with mounted infantry; and the navy, from the admiral to the cabin boy, was always on a rampage. The array of talent in command of the army, Gen. Banks at the head, with Gen. Franklin, sent out from the Army of the Potomac to get rid of him, and Gen. McClernand, who was always doing as he pleased, made a beautiful banquet team, but no love feast, as each and all of the commanders considered themselves superior to all other officers in their immediate vicinity. I should do justice to Gen. Banks by saying that with the rank and file, no word of complaint was ever uttered. He did his duty the best he could with the material that was furnished him, in the shape of insubordinate officers. He came out of the army with a record for bravery and honesty which none will deny.

At the junction of the Atchafalaya and the Red Rivers, the main army and gunboats separated. The sun was setting as the long procession of river-boats, gunboats and monitors swept around the bend of the river, and a feeling of loneliness fell on the army as it turned inland, and took the course for the Mississippi. At midnight the army went into camp, and the following day reached the banks of the Mississippi at Morganza Bend.

On the morning of the 30th, the Third Brigade of the Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, and a portion of the Thirteenth Corps, with cavalry and artillery, left the camp, and took the road to the Atchafalaya. The col-

umn marched until 10 o'clock, A.M., then halted during the heat of the day. Started again at 8, P.M. Suddenly from a thickly-wooded hill on the left, across a bayou, a volley of musketry broke upon the stillness of the night, taking effect on the Twenty-second Iowa, in advance of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts. Ambushed! was the thought of all, as the ranks closed up and formed in line of battle in good order. A battery sent a shell into the woods from whence the volley came; a second volley was fired from the rebs. The echo had not died away when a sheet of flame flashed along the line of the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth, and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth, followed by a crashing report. One officer in the Twenty-second Iowa was killed, and several men in the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York wounded by the fire of the guerillas; and it was reported that a number of the enemy had been killed by the heavy volley of the latter regiments.

The next day, June 1st, the expedition again marched towards the Atchafalaya and remained in reserve a short distance from that river, while the Seventh Massachusetts Battery shelled a sawmill on the opposite side, which the rebs were running, destroying the machinery. Another night was spent in the vicinity, and on the morning of the 2d the command marched back to camp, glad that the "sawmill" expedition was over.

From this time until the 1st of July, about all the volunteer labor performed by the men consisted in writing the two words, "very hot." On the 3d of July the brigade was increased, by the addition of the One Hun-

dred and Seventy-fifth New York, embarked on board of the *City of Memphis*, and the next day, July 4th, the entire Nineteenth Corps landed at Algiers, and went into camp, where they remained until the 20th of July, when the Nineteenth Corps embarked on transports, and bidding good-bye to the Mississippi, was once more on the blue waters.

On the eighth day, after crossing the bar off the Mississippi, the fleet reached Fortress Monroe. Entering the Potomac, the men realized that they were no longer on Louisiana waters; the hills stretching up from the river, the hay and the grain fields just reaped, and the scattering farm-houses being in striking contrast to the low banks of the Mississippi, with its plantations, its negro cabins, its orange trees, and its alligators. We landed at Washington. The arrival was most timely, as Washington was in danger. And as the sunburnt faces, battered flags and faded uniform of the veterans of the Nineteenth Corps marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, a feeling of confidence was restored, and the citizens felt safe, knowing that the veterans of two years' service was with them.

We marched through to Georgetown Heights. All summer the troops in Louisiana had been obliged to drink warm, dirty water from rivers, bayous, and mudholes; and when upon arriving at Georgetown Heights, the cool, delicious springs were found bubbling out of the rocks, the satisfaction was unbounded, and many men lingered around them as if attracted by some fairy spell. The stay in Georgetown was a short one. On

Sunday afternoon, July 31st, we broke camp and again marched through Washington to the Baltimore Depot, boarded the cars about eight o'clock, and reached Monocacy Junction a little before noon the next day, going into camp in a reaped grain field in the vicinity of the battlefield of Monocacy, where the first division of the Nineteenth Corps was then in camp.

CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERIDAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

Under Sheridan. — Preliminary Manœuvres. — The Shenandoah Valley Campaign.

ON the evening of August 1st, Gen. Sheridan was relieved from the command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac to take command of the Army of the Shenandoah, and on his arriving at Washington on the 4th, he received directions from Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, Chief of the Staff, to proceed without delay to Monocacy Junction on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and report in person to the Lieutenant-General, who gave him the instructions which he had previously given to Maj.-Gen. Hunter, commanding the Department of West Virginia.

The Army of the Shenandoah at this time consisted of the Sixth Corps, very much reduced in numbers, one division of the Nineteenth Corps, two small infantry divisions under command of Gen. Crook, afterwards designated as the Army of West Virginia, a small

division of cavalry under Gen. Averill, which was at that time in pursuit of Gen. McCausland, near Moorfield, McCausland having made a raid into Pennsylvania and burned the town of Chambersburg. There was also one small division of cavalry then arriving at Washington. The infantry portion of these troops had been lying in bivouac in the vicinity of Monocacy Junction and Frederick City, but had been ordered to march and to concentrate at Halltown, four miles in front of Harper's Ferry. Gen. Sheridan hastened to Harper's Ferry to make preparations for an immediate advance against the enemy, who then occupied Martinsburg, Williamsport and Shepardstown, sending occasional raiding parties as far as Hagerstown.

The concentration of the forces at Halltown alarmed the enemy, and caused him to concentrate at or near Martinsburg, drawing in all his parties from the north side of the Potomac. The indications were that he had intended another raid into Maryland, prompted perhaps, by the slight success they had gained over Gen. Crook's command at Kernstown a short time before. The city of Martinsburg, at which the enemy concentrated, is on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, at the northern terminus of the Valley pike, a broad macadamized road running up the valley through Winchester, and terminating at Staunton.

The Shenandoah Valley is a continuation of the Cumberland Valley, south of the Potomac, and is bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge, and on the west by the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, the general

direction of this chain being southwest. The valley at Martinsburg is about sixty miles broad, at Winchester forty to forty-five, and at Strasburg twenty to twenty-five miles, where an isolated chain, called Massanutten Mountains, rises up, running parallel to the Blue Ridge, and terminates at Harrisburg. Here the valley again opens out fifty or sixty miles broad. This isolated chain divides the valley, for its continuance into the valleys, the one next the Blue Ridge being called the Luray Valley, the one west of it the Strasburg or main valley. The Blue Ridge has many passes through it called gaps; the principal ones, and those which have good wagon roads, are Snicker's, Ashby's, Manassas, Chester, Swift Run, Brown's, Rock Fish, and three or four others. Many have macadamized roads through them, and indeed are not gaps, but small valleys through the main chain. The general bearing of all these roads is towards Gordonsville, and are excellent for troops to move up on from that point into the valley; in fact, the Blue Ridge can be crossed almost anywhere by infantry or cavalry. The valley itself was rich in grain, cattle, sheep, hogs and fruit, and was in such a prosperous condition that the rebel army could march down and up the valley billeting on the inhabitants. Such, in brief, is the outline and was the condition of the Shenandoah Valley when Sheridan entered it, August 4th, 1864.

Great exertions were made to get the troops in readiness for an advance, and on the morning of August 10th, Gen. Torbert's Division of Cavalry having joined Sheridan from Washington, a forward movement was

commenced. The enemy, while we were making our preparations, took position at Bunker Hill and vicinity, twelve miles south of Martinsburg, frequently pushing his scouting parties through Smithfield and up to Charlestown. Torbert was ordered to move on the Berryville pike, through Berryville, and go into position near White Post. The Sixth Corps moved by the way of the Charlestown and Summit Point road to Clifton; the Nineteenth Corps moved on the Berryville pike to the left of the position of the Sixth Corps at Clifton; Gen. Crook's command by way of Kabletown to the vicinity of Berryville, coming into position on the left of the Nineteenth Corps, and Col. Lowell with regiments of cavalry was ordered to Summit Point, so that on the night of August 10th, the army occupied a position stretching from Clifton to Berryville, with cavalry at White Post and Summit Point. The enemy moved from the vicinity of Bunker Hill, stretching his line from where the Winchester and Potomac Railroad crosses the Opequan Creek to where the Berryville and Winchester pike crosses the same stream, occupying the west bank.

On the morning of August 11th, the Sixth Corps was ordered to move from Clifton across the country to where the Berryville pike crosses Opequan Creek, carry the crossing, and hold it; the Nineteenth Corps was directed to move through Berryville, on the White Post road for one mile, file to the right by heads of regiments at deploying distance, and carry and hold the crossing of the Opequan Creek at a ford about three-fourths of a mile from the left of the Sixth Corps; Crook's command was

ordered to move out on the White Post road, one mile and a half beyond Berryville, file to the right and secure the crossing of Opequan Creek at a ford about one mile to the left of the Nineteenth Corps. Torbert was directed to move with Merrill's Division of Cavalry up the Millwood pike towards Winchester, attack any force he might find, and if possible, ascertain the movements of the rebel army. Lowell was ordered to close in from Summit Point on the right of the Sixth Corps.

Sheridan's intention in securing these fords was to march on Winchester, at which point it was thought the enemy would make a stand. But in this he was mistaken, as the result of Torbert's reconnoissance proved. Merritt found the enemy's cavalry covering the Millwood pike west of the Opequan, and, attacking it, drove it in the direction of Kernstown, and discovered the enemy retreating up the valley pike. As soon as this information was obtained, Torbert was ordered to move quickly by the way of the toll-gate on the Front Royal pike to Newtown, to strike the enemy's flank and harass him in his retreat, and Lowell to follow up through Winchester. Crook was turned to the left, and ordered to Stony Point or Nineveh, while Emory and Wright were marched to the left and went into camp between the Millwood and Front Royal pikes, Crook encamping at Stony Point. Torbert met some of the enemy's cavalry at the toll-gate on the Front Royal pike, drove it in the direction of Newtown, and behind Gordon's Division of Infantry, which had been thrown out from Newtown to cover the flank of the main column in its retreat, and which had

put itself behind rail barricades. A portion of Merritt's Cavalry attacked this infantry and drove in its skirmish line, and although unable to dislodge the division, held all the ground gained. The rebel divisions during the night moved off. Next day Crook moved from Stony Point to Cedar Creek. Emory followed; the cavalry moved to the same point by the way of Newtown and the valley pike, and the Sixth Corps followed the cavalry.

On the night of the 12th, Crook was in position at Cedar Creek, on the left of the valley pike, Nineteenth Corps on the right of the pike, the Sixth Corps on the right of the Nineteenth Corps, and the cavalry on the right and left flanks. A heavy skirmish line was thrown to the heights on south side of Cedar Creek, which had brisk skirmishing during the evening with the enemy's pickets, his (the enemy's) main force occupying the heights above and north of Strasburg. On the morning of the 13th, the cavalry was ordered on a reconnoissance towards Strasburg, on the middle road, which road is two and a half miles to the west of the main pike. Reports of a column of the enemy moving up from Culpepper Court House, and approaching Front Royal through Chester Gap, having been received, caused much anxiety, as any considerable force advanced through Front Royal, and down the Front Royal and Winchester pike toward Winchester, could be thrown in the rear, or, in case of driving the enemy to Fisher Hill and taking position in his front, this same force could be moved along the base of Massanutten Mountain on the road to Strasburg, with

the same result. As the effective line of battle strength at this time was about eighteen thousand infantry, and thirty-five hundred cavalry, we remained quiet during the day — except the activity on the skirmish line — to await further developments. In the evening the enemy retired with his main force to Fisher's Hill.

CHAPTER XXII.

Three Federal Corps in the Shenandoah. — Playing Checkers Up and Down the Valley with Early. — Destroying Property. — Brilliant Engagement of Cavalry and Infantry.

AS the rumors that a force was advancing from the direction of Culpepper kept increasing, on the morning of the 14th a brigade of cavalry was sent to Front Royal to ascertain definitely, if possible, the truth of such reports, and at the same time the Sixth Corps was ordered to the south side of Cedar Creek, and occupied the heights above Strasburg. Considerable picket firing ensued. During the day a despatch was received from Washington, which at once explained the movement from Culpepper, and on the morning of the 15th two brigades of Merritt's Division of Cavalry were sent to the crossing of the Shenandoah River, near Front Royal, and the Sixth Corps was withdrawn to the north side of Cedar Creek, holding at Strasburg a strong skirmish line. The despatch was as follows: —

Two divisions of infantry have gone to Early, with some cavalry, and twenty pieces of artillery. Be cautious, and act only on the defence. Early's force, with this increase, cannot

exceed forty thousand men. Shall send the second division of the Nineteenth Corps and Wilson's Calvary Division.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

On the receipt of this despatch Sheridan looked the ground over for the best line of defence, which would protect the valley and prevent any movement of the enemy into Maryland, and decided to take position at Halltown, in front of Harper's Ferry, which was the only defensive line in the valley. The Nineteenth Corps was ordered to move to Winchester on the night of the 15th, followed by the Sixth Corps and Crook's command. The following order was given Gen. Torbert: —

GENERAL, — In compliance with instructions of the Lieutenant-General commanding, you will make the necessary arrangements, and give the necessary orders for the destruction of the wheat and hay south of a line from Millwood and Winchester, and Petticoat Gap. You will seize all mules, horses and cattle that may be useful to our army. Loyal citizens can bring in their claims against the government for this necessary destruction. No houses will be burned, and officers in charge of this delicate but necessary duty must inform the people that the object is to make this valley untenable for the raiding parties of the rebel army.

Very respectfully,
P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

On the afternoon of the 16th the army had reached Newtown. Heavy cannonading was heard towards Front Royal. Merritt's Division of Cavalry had been

attacked at the crossing of the Shenandoah by Kershaw's Division of Longstreet's Corps, and two brigades of rebel cavalry, and had handsomely repulsed the attack, capturing two battle flags and three hundred prisoners. During the night of the 16th, and early on the morning of the 17th, the Nineteenth Corps moved from Winchester to Berryville, and on the same morning Crook and Wright reached Winchester, and resumed the march towards Clifton's right, who had the rear guard, getting only as far as the Berryville crossing of Opequan, where he was ordered to remain. Crook was sent to the vicinity of Berryville. Lowell reached Winchester with his two regiments of cavalry on the afternoon of the 17th, where he was joined by Gen. Wilson's Division of Cavalry.

Merritt, after his handsome engagement near Front Royal, was ordered back to the vicinity of White Post, and the second division of the Nineteenth Corps, under command of Gen. Grover, which arrived at Fortress Monroe, and was ordered up the James River to Bermuda Hundred to support an expedition under Gen. Hancock, who was to make a demonstration while the mine was exploded in front of Petersburg. After this, the division was ordered to Washington, and went into camp at Tenallytown. August 14th we took up a line of march for the Shenandoah Valley. Crossing the Potomac at Chain Bridge, through Leesburg, we entered the valley by way of Snicker's Gap, reuniting with the First Division, and the Nineteenth Corps was once more complete.

The enemy having a signal station on Three-Top

Mountain, almost overhanging Strasburg, from which every movement made by troops could be seen, was notified early on the morning of the 17th as to this condition of affairs, and without delay followed after us, getting into Winchester about sundown, and driving out Gen. Torbert, who was left there with Wilson and Lowell, and the Jersey Brigade of the Sixth Corps. Wilson and Lowell fell back to Summit Point, and the Jersey Brigade joined its corps at the crossing of the Opequan. Kershaw's Division and two brigades of Fitz Hugh Lee's Cavalry Division, which was the force at Front Royal, joined Early at Winchester on the evening of the 17th.

On the 18th the Sixth Corps moved by the way of Clifton to Flowing Spring, two miles and a half west of Charlestown, on the Smithfield pike; the Nineteenth Corps went about two miles and a half south of Charlestown, on the Berryville pike. Merritt came back to Berryville. Wilson remained at Summit Point, covering the crossing of Opequan Creek as far north as the bridge at Smithfield. Merritt covered the crossing of the Berryville pike; Cook remaining near Clifton, and the next day moved to the left of the Nineteenth Corps. This position was maintained until the 21st, when the enemy moved a heavy force across the Opequan at the bridge at Smithfield, driving in the cavalry pickets, which fell back to Summit Point and advanced rapidly on the position of the Sixth Corps, near Flowing Springs, when a very sharp and obstinate skirmish took place with the heavy picket line of that corps, resulting very much in its favor.

The enemy appeared to have thought that we had taken position near Summit Point, and that by moving around rapidly through Smithfield he would get into our rear. In this, however, he was mistaken. During the day Merritt (who had been attacked and held his ground) was recalled from Berryville. Wilson had also been attacked by infantry, and had also held his ground until ordered in. During the night of the 21st the army moved back to Halltown with inconvenience, the cavalry, except Lowell's command, which formed on the left, moving early on the morning of the 22d, and going into position on the right of the line.

On the morning of the 22d the enemy moved up to Charlestown and pushed well up to our position at Halltown, skirmishing with the cavalry videttes. On the 24th a reconnoissance was made, capturing a number of prisoners, our own loss being about thirty men, On the 25th there was sharp picket firing during the day on part of the infantry line. The cavalry was ordered to attack the enemy's cavalry at Kearneysville. This attack was handsomely made, but instead of finding the enemy's cavalry his infantry was encountered, and for a time doubled up and thrown into the utmost confusion. It was marching towards Shepardstown. This engagement was somewhat of a mutual surprise, our cavalry expecting to meet the enemy's cavalry, and his infantry expecting no opposition whatever. Gen. Torbert, who was in command, finding a large force of the rebel infantry in his front, came back to our left, and the enemy believing his movements had been discovered, and that the force left

by him in front of Halltown would be attacked, returned in great haste, but before doing so isolated Custer's Brigade, which had to cross to the north side of the Potomac at Shepardstown, and join the army by way of Harper's Ferry. It was believed Early meditated a crossing of his cavalry into Maryland at Williamsport, and Wilson's Division was sent around by Harper's Ferry to watch its movements. Averill in the meantime had taken part at Williamsport, on the north side of the Potomac, and held the crossing against a force of rebel cavalry which made the attempt to cross. On the night of the 26th the enemy silently left our front, moving over Opequan Creek at the Smithfield and Summit Point crossings, and concentrating his force at Brucetown and Bunker Hill, leaving their cavalry at Leetown and Smithfield.

On the 28th the infantry moved in front of Charlestown, and Merritt was directed to attack the enemy's cavalry at Leetown, which he did, defeating it, and pursuing it through Smithfield. Wilson recrossed the Potomac at Shepardstown, and joined the infantry in front of Charlestown. On the 29th Averill crossed at Williamsport and advanced to Martinsburg.

The same day the division of the enemy's infantry and a small force of cavalry attacked Merritt at the Smithfield bridge, and after a hard fight drove him through Smithfield and back towards Charlestown, the cavalry fighting with great obstinacy until re-enforced with Rickett's Division of the Sixth Corps, when in turn the enemy was driven back through Smithfield and over the Opequan,

the cavalry again taking part at the Smithfield bridge. On the 30th Torbert was directed to move Merritt and Wilson to Berryville, leaving Lowell to guard the Smithfield bridge and occupy the town. On the 31st Averill was driven back from Martinsburg to Falling Waters.

On the 3d of September, Averill, who had returned to Martinsburg, advanced on Bunker Hill, attacked McCausland's Cavalry, defeated it, capturing wagons and prisoners, and destroying a good deal of property. The infantry moved into position, stretching from Clifton to Berryville, Wright moving by Summit Point, Crook and Emory by the Berryville pike. Torbert had been ordered to White Post early in the day, and the enemy, supposing they could cut him off, pushed across the Opequan towards Berryville, with Kershaw's Division in advance; but this division, not expecting infantry, blundered on to Crook's lines about dark, and was vigorously attacked and driven, with heavy loss, back towards the Opequan. This engagement, which was after nightfall, was very spirited, and our own and the enemy's casualties severe. On the 13th, one of those handsome dashes was made by Gen. McIntosh of Wilson's Division, capturing the Eighth South Carolina Regiment at Abram's Creek; on the same day Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps made a reconnoissance to the Opequan, developing a heavy force of the enemy at Edward's Crossing.

The position we had taken at Clifton was six miles from Opequan Creek, on the west bank of which the enemy was in position. This distance of six miles

Sheridan was determined to hold by scouting parties, and by holding it this way, without pushing up the main force, we expected to be able to move on the enemy at the proper time without his obtaining the information which he would immediately get from his pickets if we were in close proximity. On the night of the 15th reliable information was received that Kershaw's Division was moving through Winchester, and in the direction of Front Royal. Sheridan had determined to fight at Newtown, placing his army between Winchester and Strasburg. Gen. Grant arrived at Charlestown and indorsed the movement with the order to go on, but this plan was changed owing to circumstances beyond Sheridan's control, and the battle of Opequan was fought instead of Newtown.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Lively Work in the Famous Shenandoah Valley. — Battle of Opequan Creek. — Delay in Getting into Action. — Bravery of Yankee Soldiers. — Opening of a Bloody Struggle.

ON that memorable day, September 19th, 1864, the order to march was received at 1 A.M. Coffee newly made and drunk, and everything ready for moving at precisely 2 A.M. The Nineteenth Corps filed out of camp by divisions, and took the road to Berryville. Reaching that place we turned off to the right and struck the Winchester pike, and marched, as usual, upon each side of the road, leaving the pike for the trains of ambulances and artillery. Distant cannonading began to be heard at daylight, which came from the Opequan Creek, where our cavalry advance was driving in the rebel outposts.

The Sixth Corps had also marched across country, from the right of line to left, to the Berryville pike, and was to support Wilson's cavalry, which was to lead the advance and clear the gorges. This they did in their usual daring manner, dashing across the creek and capturing the rebel's videttes, their earthwork and two guns. Thus the road was cleared for the Sixth Corps. Orders

had been given to leave the wagon trains at the rear, but the Sixth Corps seemed to have its full supply, for it delayed the crossing of the Nineteenth Corps over three hours. The Nineteenth Corps stood in line, waiting and listening to the heavy cavalry firing of Wilson's Brigade, as they were pushing Lomax, the rebel cavalry, back. Gen. Emory was "swearing mad." Staff officer after staff officer was sent to Gen. Wright, asking him to clear his wagon train from the gorge. Finally the order was given to advance. After this long delay the Nineteenth Corps marched into the gorge by the flank, pushing up this narrow road, which was filled with headquarters wagons, ammunition trains and ambulances dodging in and out among the different trains, with heavy musketry firing in the advance, telling us that we were needed at the front. The reader can hardly imagine the difficulty and arduous work that an army has going into a battle, dodging around wagons and mules; but thank God, we at last got clear of the Sixth Corps wagon trains. Filing out of the gorge on the right, Grover's famous Second Division was placed in the front line, with the First Division in reserve on the left. In front of the Sixth Corps was Ramseur's Division of Infantry, supported by Nelson's Battery and Lomax's Cavalry. But the long delay of the Sixth Corps in getting into position gave the rebels time to bring up Gordon's and Rhodes' Divisions, and instead of making the brilliant flank movement of getting between the rebs and their line of retreat up the valley, Sheridan was obliged to change his plans and fight the whole of the

rebels at once, instead of in sections as he had intended to do in the morning.

At 11.30 in the forenoon the armies of Sheridan and Early confronted each other between Winchester and Opequan Creek in the following order: The rebel line extended across the turnpike, covering Winchester, with Breckenridge's Corps in the centre, Rhodes' Division of Early's Corps on the left, Ramseur's Division of Early's Corps on the right, Johnson's Cavalry on the extreme right, with Fitz-Hugh Lee and Lomax's and McCausland's Cavalry on the extreme left, opposing our own. The Union army of the Sixth Corps (two divisions) was on the left crossing the turnpike, and the Nineteenth Corps was on the right of the Sixth Corps. The Army of Western Virginia was on the Opequan in reserve, Gen. Wilson's Cavalry on the left, and Generals Merritt and Averill's Cavalry on the right. Russell's Division of the Sixth Corps was in the reserve.

The cannonading, which had continued so fiercely through the forenoon, till the dispositions were fairly established, partially ceased. Their sharpshooters and skirmishers were white specks on the cornfield, and clustered in groups about barns and houses, while nearer still our own skirmish lines were posted along the edges of the woods, behind rail fences across fields, waiting the signal. Still nearer and around the splendid marching columns our own infantry were debouched from the pike and woods upon the fields and plains; some waiting in hollows behind the crest, some forming in position for an advance.

The flags of the regiments had a proud look; an elastic tread was in every rank. The Sixth Corps was all up and mostly ready. The Nineteenth Corps, ascending the heights to the right, opposite the pike, was slowly wheeling into line. The levels and hollows between the main army and the skirmish line were crossed and recrossed by galloping staff officers and orderlies, carrying and receiving orders. Generals Sheridan and Wright and Emory rode swiftly with their staffs along the lines, looking well to every point of advantage upon the ground, examining with their glasses the position of the foe, and completing all dispositions for an attack. For a moment, over this scene of beauty and expectation, there was perfect calm. For only a moment the artillery and musketry were still. The smoke wreaths of our batteries standing silent, faded away in airy mist. The pickets and sharpshooters along the line of battle took breath. In that moment, save the advantage obtained by Gen. Wilson in the morning (which was neutralized, and more than neutralized, by the delay which afforded the enemy time to concentrate his army in the forenoon), everything was yet to begin and to be gained. No one who glanced at the lines of men, full of confidence and strength, disposed for miles along the country within view, but could feel his heart throb with serious doubt.

The signal long expected was given at last. Emory of the Nineteenth Corps gave the order to attack at precisely 11.40. The Second (Gen. Getty's) and the Third (Gen. Rochelle's) Divisions of the Sixth Corps joined in the advance, the First (Gen. Russell's) Division being

held in reserve. The Nineteenth Corps, including both divisions under Generals Grover and Dwight, advanced. The lines at the signal were posted for the most part in the edges of the woods, through which the troops advanced, giving their fire to the enemy.

For a few seconds the gleaming lines of our bayonets vibrated before they entered the timber, and were lost to view in the shadow and smoke. The enemy, receiving a severe and continual volley along his entire front, gave back at first a volley as severe, but were forced to retire slowly before the attack. The roar of the battle, as the two lines fairly met, became thunderous. The artillery opened simultaneously on either side. The hollow clang of musketry in the forest was like the fierce clangor at Port Hudson. The precision and quickness of the enemy's cannonade was almost alarming. The guns, posted at first in well-selected, overlooking positions, never knew a moment's rest. Their fire remained unslackened for an hour, during which we had driven the enemy at some points back nearly half a mile.

The determination to win the battle, which seemed to inspire every man among our army, urged certain parts of the line along somewhat too hastily in advance.

Ricketts' Division, of the Sixth Corps, in advancing had obliqued to the left towards the pike. Col. Sharp's Brigade, composed of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment, Col. Richardson commanding; and the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York, Lieut.-Col. Neffy; the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth and One Hundred and

Seventy-sixth New York, forming the extreme left of Grover's Division, connecting with Ricketts' Division of the Sixth Corps.

Ramseur's and Rhodes' Rebel Division, the Sixth Corps were driving back. Just at this critical moment the rebels, seeing the gap between the Nineteenth and Sixth, caused by Ricketts' oblique movement, Battles' Brigade of Rhodes' Division, which had formed in the rear of Evans, charged through the woods, striking the right of the Sixth and the left of the Nineteenth. The Third Brigade stood the torrent of shot and shell for a few moments, then following the Sixth Corps they fell back. Every fourth man in the Third Brigade was either killed or wounded at this time.

Birges' Brigade, which was on the right of Sharp's, had kept the rebel line on a jump since the word "Forward!" had been given. The Fourteenth New Hampshire, which was a large regiment, and which had not been engaged till this fight, showed by its list of killed and wounded, the prominent part which it had borne in this engagement. The men deserve a great deal more credit than they ever received. If the disaster had not happened to Ricketts' Division and to Sharp's Brigade, Birges' Brigade would have swept everything before it. But when the left gave way they had to follow the inevitable and go with it.

The One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York lost one hundred and thirty-five men within a few moments. Col. Sharp, commanding the brigade, and all the regimental commanders, except one, were disabled. Part of

Grover's and Ricketts' command reached the base from which they had started in a state of confusion. The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps men were crowded together on the Berryville pike, near the gorge. Some regiments disappeared for a time as organizations. Generals Emory and Grover, Gen. Wright and Gen. Ricketts, with their staffs, and Sheridan, formed one of those exciting and interesting groups, which only a desperate occasion like this calls forth. Ordering in the first division of the Nineteenth Corps, and Russell's Division of the Sixth, Gen. Grover ordered Capt. Bradbury of the First Maine Battery to push the battery into position. Under a heavy musketry, the battery galloped into position and commenced cannonading, which tore huge gaps in the rebel advance. The One Hundred and Thirty-first New York formed a line, allowed the charging enemy to pass by them, and poured a volley into their backs. As they staggered under this volley, the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts opened in front with their repeating rifles, checking the advance at this point. Neffy of the Third Brigade charged the rebel lines. Molineaux's Brigade was on his left. The Twelfth Connecticut and Eighth Vermont were hurried through the woods, supported by the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York. Closing in on the right were the One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, and Forty-seventh Pennsylvania. These regiments had been shifted and changed from their positions, and filled gaps caused by the losses in the first advance. In the Sixth Corps the same activity was displayed, officers and men feeling

that the responsibility rested on their shoulders. Russell's Division took the position that Ricketts' had held, and Dwight's Division took the place of Grover's. The word "Forward!" was given as Russell's Division charged.

Such a sight rarely occurs more than once in any battle as was presented on the open space between the two pieces of woodland into which the cheering enemy poured in their eagerness. Their whole line, reckless of bullets, reckless even of the shells of our batteries, constantly advanced. Capt. Stevens' Battery, posted immediately on their flank, poured its fire unflinchingly into their columns to the last. A staff officer, riding up, warned it to the rear to save it from capture. Col. Tompkins, in command of the artillery of the Sixth Corps, sat upon his horse with a loaded revolver.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Death of General Russell. — Sheridan's Escape. — A Grand Charge by the Sixth Corps. — Bravery of the Cavalry. — Magnificent Spectacle Presented by the Moving Wall of Men.

THE men of the battery ordered not to move, stood to their guns loading and firing with the regularity and precision of a field-day, kept it at work in the face of the foe, who advanced at least within two hundred yards of the muzzles of the guns. Gen. Wright, in command of the Sixth Corps, acted with prompt decision. Although it was indeed early in the day to be forced to employ the reserve of an army, he decided to employ his reserves at once. The first division of the Sixth Corps, under Gen. Russell, immediately in the rear, was ordered in at the double-quick. Col. Edwards' Brigade advancing sent its bullets crashing into the enemy's lines, astonishing and checking them. Gen. Russell, commanding the division, cheered on the troops of his command, galloping along the lines and endeavoring to re-form the columns which were broken. The lines were constructed with admirable quickness, and the enemy were charged in turn.

As the revived troops moved slowly forward, giving

out their volleys, Gen. Russell was struck in the side with a bullet. Straightening himself up, without uttering a word of pain, he called out to the command to "Move on!" and moved on with them into the fray. In half a moment more a piece of bursted shell from one of the enemy's batteries entered his breast, passing down through his vitals and out at the other side. He fell from his horse without a word. His men moved by him. His officers, moving by, also saw with hearts full of sadness an agony which they never will forget, but which they could not then attempt even to alleviate.

The enemy, not yet wholly daunted, regained and preserved a somewhat stubborn front. At this moment the brigade of Gen. Upton, also attached to the First Division, moved upon the right of Col. Edwards and charged. The charge of this brigade was the finest spectacle in the infantry battle of the day. Gen. Upton himself rode at the advance of his lines, and drawing his sword sat his horse like a centaur, calling his men to follow. The brigade went in with a cheer that prophesied the event to come. Solid and straight and strong its two lines moved onward out of the woods and into the field. The rebel advance was an advance no longer. The route was turned. Back over the fences, into and beyond the ravines, and into the woods still beyond, their lines, flying and broken, were pushed on. The troops of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, re-forming and charging, soon won back the lost ground and a portion of the field beyond.

The battle now slackened for a time and the main

lines of our army were re-formed, preparatory to a second attack. The Nineteenth Corps formed the centre, the Sixth Corps on the left, and the Army of Western Virginia on the extreme right, being ordered to advance simultaneously and drive the enemy out of their position. During all this time the cavalry of Gen. Wilson, Gen. Merritt and Gen. Averill, on the left and right, had not been inactive. Gen. Wilson had joined in the charge made at 11.30, driving the enemy's cavalry in his front. Gen. McIntosh, commanding one of his brigades, had been wounded in the leg. Generals Merritt and Averill, who had been pushing the rebel cavalry from the Opequan, had formed a junction on the Winchester and Martinsburg pike, and were driving them in rapid and successive charges down towards the scene of the main battle. Fitz-Hugh Lee's Cavalry had been overwhelmed by Custer in the early afternoon. The rest of the rebel cavalry made so little opposition that for eight miles our troops moved at a trot-gallop, coralling and driving them like sheep. At 2.30 P.M., therefore, when the Second Infantry advance was ordered, Gen. Torbert, with his two divisions, was in a position to co-operate in time with the main army. The fire of our artillery, which, owing to the scarcity of good positions, had previously not been so destructive, was now increased. More batteries were employed by the Sixth Corps and Nineteenth Corps. These batteries were put in position in the rear of the lines. A rapid cannonade was opened just before the advance. The enemy replied to it with their usual vigor.

We advanced again about 2.30 P.M. It was made steadily from the first. The enemy must have known that to withstand this attack was their last hope during the day, but, although they met it with a front so stubborn, and for a moment so unyielding, few would have ventured to wager upon their retreat. Their lines were very soon shaken by the determined and fearful volleys of our soldiers.

The stern, and magnificent advance of every brigade employed in this movement made a spectacle, the grandeur of which has certainly not been equalled on any battlefield of this war. The left flank of the enemy, shattered by Gen. Crook, gave way, and began wheeling around toward the southwest beyond the Martinsburg turnpike. At this moment Gen. Torbert, to whom the sound of our guns was a signal, moved on his advance to help the attack. Gen. Devens' advance on the left of Gen. Lowell, in support, was confronted just before the advance by the enemy's infantry, pouring out from a mass of woods, in retreat before Gen. Crook. Gen. Devens had under his immediate command but two regiments, the Ninth and First New York. The moment was critical; to hesitate was perhaps to lose both.

Gen. Merritt, in command of the division, shouted out: "Charge them with what you have!" And Devens drawing his sabre headed his regiment, and went through the flying crowds, cutting them down, still further demoralizing them, and capturing three hundred prisoners and three battle flags. The rest of the cavalry charging in turn, in conjunction with Gen. Crook, kept pushing

the enemy's left and flank. Equally as successful an advance had been made on our left by the Sixth Corps. The right flank of the enemy was also pushed back. The rebel line soon formed a triangle, the apex towards us; the base gradually narrowing as both flanks were pushed towards each other by our attack.

As the rebel centre began to waver, under the terrible fire of Grover's Second Division of the Nineteenth Corps, Sheridan, riding in front of the line, a shell came screeching through the air, and, burying itself in the ground under the horse, exploded, covering the rider with smoke and dust. We thought he must be either killed or wounded; but galloping through the temporary cloud he remarked, in his peculiar characteristic manner:

"D—n close, but we 'll lick h–ll out of them yet."

You can bet we gave him cheer on cheer. Riding up to Gen. Grover, he said:

"Now is the time to go in," and in we went, for we had them on the jump.

The battle was still a fierce one on both sides. Although the day was evidently lost to the rebels, they fought on at some points with a desperate resolution. The roar of musketry, thunders of cannonade, shouts of commanders, cheering of our men, echoed now for miles over the fields, through the woods, and in the rivers. More batteries moved up to the front, the cannonade grew and grew in volume, until every second gave birth to the report of a gun. Battery after battery of the enemy was silenced, but from whatever guns they could command, they gave back fire for fire. Evidently believing

from the fierceness of our charges that reserves were coming up, they hurled a hissing storm of shot and shell far into our rear, ploughing the roads and cornfields, and making the abodes of stragglers scenes of terror. On and on went the battle, every moment more distant. Back from the front, along every roadway, out of the forests, across the meadows, came ambulances and stretchers, bearing the cost of a triumph that was now secured. The dead were horrible dead. It seemed as if the majority had received their death from shells. Most of the bodies were dismembered, and at least half were mangled beyond recognition. Now, if ever, was seen the good work of that class of Samaritans, perforce the medical officers and ambulance bearers of an army. Underneath flying shells, within range even of bullets, these men moved watchfully, bending down now and then to lift the sufferer and bear him to the ambulance in waiting. So rapid and thorough was this work, that it was rare to find a wounded man uncared for one hour after the battle in which he was wounded had passed over him.

Still on, underneath the glowing sun, revived by fresh breezes, revived still more by the consciousness of victory, the Army of the Shenandoah thundered after its prey. The word is "Forward!" along the miles of the contest. "Forward!" You could hear it from the lips of commanders everywhere, from General and Colonels and Captains, with a superabundance of oaths and curses, and unnecessary entreaties added. The woods rang with it. Cheers succeeded it, and the lines advanced anew.

Yonder, in an orchard at the left, the troops of Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps were making havoc among their enemies. They crossed a ravine and took a crest, and the batteries of McCarty and others, in their rear on this side of the ravine, sent over their heads a worse than equinoctial tempest of shells. On the right, far to the right, the Army of Western Virginia, still pressing the foe with resistless ardor, and revenging Winchester, Grover's Division in the centre, with Birges' and Molineaux's Brigades in advance, the rest of the Nineteenth Corps in easy supporting distance, and all the batteries firing over our heads.

We are obeying Sheridan's order to go in, and are making an angle out of the triangle described before. The cavalry of Torbert, on the extreme right, is sweeping around, preparatory to a last and overwhelming charge soon to be made. The artillery, closing up on our rear, thunders still more heavily. Back from the mountains, back from the nearing spires of Winchester, the echoes of the battle tremble.

The last plateau directly overlooking the plain before Winchester was gained by the whole army. The enemy encompassed by a semi-circle fought still, retreating upon the farthest verge of the plateau, their artillery, driven to the plain below, being completely silenced. Along the plateau the forward march of our battalions was as unconcerned as upon parade. Down lower and lower yet the heads of the rebels sank, and were lost behind its verge. What a cheer then went up from the Army of the Shenandoah! A cheer that like the sweep

of a billow ranged through the army, making its heart infinitely glad. Forward, still forward, at a double quick, cheering and firing still! Winchester came in full view, its roofs and steeples glowing red in the setting sun. Our artillery, borne across the plateau to its farthest verge, did a work so terrible, that to witness it was sickening. The whole rebel army swept down the slope and on to the plain below completely demoralized. At every discharge of our guns its ranks bent helplessly forward, like the grasses of a field before a storm. Rebel horsemen, galloping everywhere upon the plain, swung useless sabres and shouted useless cries for the men to rally. There was no rallying in them. And as the right flank of Gen. Crook swept around into view the enemy flew hopelessly before them everywhere.

CHAPTER XXV.

Grand Cavalry Charge. — Through Winchester. — Good Record of Massachusetts Soldiers. — Bravery of Color-Sergeant Lunt. — Advance of the Troops to Fisher's Hill the Next Morning.

THE cavalry of Gen. Torbert, pressed forward to the right, galloped in resistless columns around the left flank of the rebel army. Oh, what vengeance! Galloping in close ranks with sabres gleaming red, with cries that sounded above the roar of musketry and artillery, to complete the work of the great day. Their horses, each arching a proud neck, and with nostrils wide and glowing, have a look like the Roman chariot horses of old in the midst of victory. Faster, yet faster, with a speed greater than the weary feet of the enemy they encompass, they galloped up and in among the flying foe. The sabre, that arm of which so many mythical deeds have been recorded, did actual work.

Generals Torbert and Merritt with their staffs, joining in the splendid glee of the moment, were in the very front of the first line, charging and dealing death with their men. Generals Custer and Lowell, whose brigades were making the charge, were also in the front doing good service. The Sixth and Fourth New York,

Devens' Brigade, joined in the good work. The enemy, surrounded on the left by this brilliant movement, could make but a momentary opposition. Scores forsaking their comrades flew to the houses near by and concealed themselves therein. Numbers were cut down and captured. The rest made their escape, joined their flying comrades across the Winchester pike, making toward the town. Four hundred prisoners, four battle flags and one piece of artillery were the prizes, aside from the dead and wounded of the enemy, of this brilliant charge.

The sun, alas! set on the horizon's verge. Across that plain before Winchester its beams shone upon a scene rivalling in picturesque sublimity all historic fields of most heroic wars. Vast and level, and beautiful for miles, the field itself unpeopled would be full of romantic interest; peopled as it was by thousands of rebels, shattered, demoralized, flying by thousands, still-pursuing troops moving in well-ordered battalions, resounding with a torrent of musketry and the boom of cannon, the smoke of the battle alone would have told who were the victors. Along the ragged front of the rebel hosts it rose in patches; along the solid front of the Union army it rose in straight thin clouds.

Far off on the heights surrounding Winchester the enemy's artillery, again hurriedly posted, thundered a faint answer to our own. The missiles from these guns, badly aimed, ploughed along the plain, endangering the rebel wounded, who were left in the retreat, quite as much as our own men.

One more charge ere the sun goes down. One more

charge, with victory in its meaning, victory as its result. The day is won; the rebel army is beaten and overwhelmed at every point.

Flying through Winchester, scarcely attempting a stand, except to protect the remaining pieces of their artillery, they are pursued by our men. In half an hour Winchester and the heights beyond are in our possession. The twilight gathers; darkness falls. The only signs of the enemy, met in the morning and fought during the day, are the echoes of their artillery wagons retreating along the pike toward Newtown.

We captured twenty-two hundred prisoners, five thousand stand of arms, five pieces of artillery and eleven battle-flags. Nearly three thousand rebel wounded were left in Winchester and on the field. Gen. Rhodes was killed. Generals Gordon, Goodwin, Lomax, York and others, were wounded and prisoners. Our losses were fearful, showing the terrible fire which the different corps were subjected to. The loss of the Nineteenth Corps was nineteen hundred and fifty-six killed, wounded and missing; the Sixth Corps was sixteen hundred and eighty-five; the Eighth Corps, eight hundred and fifty-three; the cavalry, four hundred and forty-one; total, forty-nine hundred and thirty-five.

Specimen losses, illustrating the fierceness of the battle at certain points, are shown by the fact that, in Gen. Grover's Division alone, every Colonel commanding a regiment was either killed or wounded.

Massachusetts was represented in this battle by the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, loss, eight killed, wounded

and missing; Third Cavalry, dismounted — their loss was one hundred and four; Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, thirty-two; the Thirtieth Massachusetts, twelve; the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, Eighth Corps, one hundred and ten out of two hundred and ninety-seven; the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts, Sixth Corps, ninety-one out of two hundred and sixty-six. This regiment charged in gallant style and captured the colors of Stonewall Jackson's old regiment.

Just here I will say a word in praise of Color-Sergeant A. M. Lunt of Cambridge, for the gallant and brave manner in which he saved the flag of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, Nineteenth Corps. As the lines almost grappled with each other, the bullets falling like hailstones about him, the shriek of bursting shells, the wild rebel yell, "Drop that flag!" was answered by the Union cheers and volleys of musketry. The staff was splintered, the top was shot away, a number of holes were shot through it, but our brave Color-Sergeant brought our colors out safe. A large part of our loss, of fifty-seven out of two hundred and twenty-six occurred at this time.

In the moment of triumph succeeding the flight of the enemy through Winchester, there was much enthusiasm throughout the army. Gen. Sheridan, justly elated at his conquest, rode along a portion of the lines and was vociferously cheered. Generals Wright, Crook and Emory met with like reception. The soldiers threw up their hats and hugged each other in their joy.

The camp-fires springing up as the army bivouacked for the night upon the plain, each had its group of shout-

ing, laughing, talking men, congratulating each other over the events of the day. At distances upon the plain, an hour or so after nightfall, the band of the army played the weary troops to sleep. The moon rose to their music, shedding its white radiance down upon the slumbers of the camps — upon the sleepless torture of not a few wounded, who still lay uncared for on the field.

Under the moon, in the silence of that night, the work of the medical department, and of the detail of the army went on.

In the orchard where Gen. Getty made his charge in the afternoon, the fields and roads where Crook first met the enemy, the rebel dead and wounded were piled in swaths. Their groans, let it be said, were few. They bore their sufferings with that still patience which is the attribute of a true soldier, and which they, God knows, have learned by discipline to the letter.

"The last red Summer's sun had shone upon the battle's fray,
From yonder forest charged the blue, down yonder slope the gray;
The hush of death was on the scene, and sunset on the dead,
In that oppressive stillness a pall of glory spread."

The enemy carried many of their wounded from the field. In many places pools of blood were discovered where bodies had undoubtedly lain. Nearly every house along the pathway of battle contained one, and sometimes half a dozen, wounded men.

Hospital duties were performed in Winchester itself by half the families, as well as by the rebel surgeons and

our own. Lights gleamed from every window, and shadows of moving nurses flickered against the curtains; faint cries of pain sometimes issued from the doors.

In the streets of the town and before it, after the enemy's retreat, were picked up a piece of artillery, two caissons, one or two army wagons, and half a dozen ambulances. The traces of the army wagons and gun carriages were cut, showing that the men had forsaken them in haste. Aside from these, and prisoners, flags and artillery captured in the battle, Gen. Early succeeded in removing everything connected with his army. His trains were sent to the rear at the beginning of the battle.

At daylight on the morning of September 20th, the army moved rapidly up the valley pike in pursuit of the enemy, who had continued his retreat during the night to Fisher's Hill, south of Strasburg. Fisher's Hill is the bluff immediately south of, and lines a little stream called Tumble Run, and is a position which was almost impregnable to a direct assault, and as the valley is but about three and a half miles wide at this point, the enemy considered himself secure on reaching it, and began to erect breastworks across the valley from Fisher's Hill to North Mountain. So secure, in fact, did he consider himself, that the ammunition boxes were taken from the caissons and placed for convenience behind the breastworks. On the evening of September 20th, the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps went into position on the heights of Strasburg, the Eighth Corps north of Cedar Creek, the cavalry to the right and rear of the Sixth Corps, the Nineteenth on the extreme left, extending

towards Tree-Top Mountains. Sheridan determined to resort to his old trick of flanking, and the Eighth Corps was assigned to that duty. The movement to reach Little North Mountain had to be done with great secrecy, as the enemy had a signal station on Tree-Top Mountain, from which he could see every movement made by our troops. So, during the night of the 20th, the Eighth Corps were concealed in the timber north of Cedar Creek, where they remained during the day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Story of the Midnight Charge on Fisher's Hill. — Retreat Down the Valley. — Wholesale Destruction of Property. — General Ross' Cavalry Chased for Twenty-five Miles.

SHERIDAN did not attempt to cover the long front presented by the enemy, but massed the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps opposite the right centre of his line.

After Crook had gotten into the position last named, Sheridan took out Ricketts' Division of the Sixth Corps and placed it opposite the enemy's left centre, and directed Averill, with his cavalry, to go up on Ricketts' front and right and drive in the enemy's skirmish line, if possible. This was done, and the enemy's signal officer on Tree-Top Mountain, mistaking Ricketts' Division for Sheridan's turning column, so notified the enemy, and he made his arrangements accordingly; while Crook, without being observed, moved on the side of Little North Mountain and struck the enemy's left and rear so suddenly and unexpectedly, that he (the enemy), supposing he must have come across the mountains, broke.

On the same day, Wright and Emory moved up in front of the rebel lines, getting into proper position after a severe engagement between a portion of Ricketts' and

Getty's Division of the Sixth Corps, and a strong force of the enemy. Torbert, with Wilson's and Merritt's Cavalry, was ordered down the Luray Valley in pursuit of the enemy's cavalry, and, after defeating or driving it, to cross over Luray pike to Newmarket, and intercept the enemy's infantry, should it be driven from its position at Fisher's Hill.

On the night of the 21st Crook was moved to, and concentrated in, the timber near Strasburg, and at daylight on the 22d marched to, and massed in, the timber near Little North Mountain.

Crook came swinging down behind the line, Ricketts swinging in and joining Crook, the Nineteenth Corps, charging across the ravine over the old stone bridge, pushing our way up the road, which wound around the hill, exposed to a fire from Gordon's Division, which had earthworks on the hill across the ravine. Rushing up the steep hill in the dark, with nothing to illuminate the Egyptian darkness but the flash of the musketry and artillery, we reached the top, and, as the road opened on the flat table-land, the Third Massachusetts Cavalry and the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts were deployed as skirmishers.

Pushing ahead, we encountered Warrington's Division; one volley and they went flying after the rest of Early's army. This battle was a surprise to all. Sheridan ordered the troops to advance at 4 o'clock the next morning, the 23d. At about 6 P.M., on the 22d, when the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps commanders reported, their troops were well up, and all ready to advance. Sheridan says,

"That 's very good." Gen. Crook of the Eighth Corps also reported that his men were well on the left flank of the rebel position, eager for the fight. Then the spirit of Sheridan showed itself, for he fought in order and out of order; he did n't have any fear of rules and regulations; he never waited for the rebs to get ready. When he was ready he would fight. When Cook reported he was ready, Sheridan smiled. Bringing his hands together with a slap, he exclaimed to his staff officers: "Everything is all ready, gentlemen, and by —— we will jump them to-night. Order everything forward immediately, and we will have a twist on them before daylight." And in we went with a will, and instead of charging at 4 in the morning, were in Woodstock, eight miles beyond the hill, with plenty of prisoners and sixteen cannons, which they did not have time to remove. Unfortunately, the cavalry which had been sent down the Luray Valley to cross over to Newmarket was unsuccessful, and only reached so far as Milford, a point at which the Luray Valley contracts to a gorge, and which was taken possession of by the enemy's cavalry in some force. Had Gen. Torbert driven this cavalry, or turned the defile and reached Newmarket, no doubt we would have captured the entire rebel army. It was certain that its rout from Fisher's Hill was such that there was scarcely a company organization held together. Newmarket being at a converging point in the valley, they came together again, and to some extent re-organized. On the morning of the 23d, Gen. Devens, with his small brigade of cavalry, moved to a point directly north of Mt. Jackson,

driving the enemy in his front, and there awaited the arrival of Gen. Averill's Division, which for some unaccountable reason went into camp immediately after the battle. Gen. Averill reached Devens' command at 3 P.M., and in the evening returned with all the advance cavalry of which he was in command, to a creek one-half mile north of Hawkensburg, and there remained until the arrival of the head of the infantry column, which had halted between Edinburg and Woodstock for wagons, in order to issue the necessary rations. Early on the morning of the 24th, the entire army reached Mt. Jackson, a small town on the north bank of the north fork of the Shenandoah. The enemy had, in the meantime, reorganized, and taken position on the bluffs south of the river, but had commenced this same morning his retreat towards Harrisonburg; still he held a long and strong line with the troops that were to cover his rear in a temporary line of rifle-pits on the bluff commanding the plateau. To dislodge him from his strong position, Devens' brigade of cavalry was directed to cross the Shenandoah, work around the base of the Massanutten Range, and drive in the cavalry which covered the enemy's right flank; and Powell, who had succeeded Averill, was ordered to move around his left flank by the way of Timberville, whilst the infantry was rushed across the river by the bridge. The enemy did not wait till the full execution of these movements, but withdrew in haste, the cavalry under Davis coming up with him at Newmarket, and made a bold attempt to hold him until our infantry could be pushed up, but was unable to do so, as the open, smooth

country, allowed the enemy to retreat with great rapidity in line of battle, and the three or four hundred cavalry under Davis was unable to break their line. Our infantry was pushed by heads of columns very hard to overtake and bring on an engagement, but could not succeed, and encamped about six miles south of Newmarket for the night.

Powell, meantime, had pushed on through Timberville, and gained the valley pike, near Lacy's Springs, capturing some prisoners and wagons. This movement of Powell's probably forced the enemy to abandon the road by the way of Harrisonburg, and move over the Keezeltown road to Port Republic, to which point the retreat was continued through the night of the 24th, and from thence to Brown's Gap in the Blue Ridge. On the 25th, the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps reached Harrisonburg. Crook was ordered to remain at the junction of the Keezeltown road with the Valley pike until the movements of the enemy were definitely ascertained. On this day Torbert reached Harrisonburg, having encountered the enemy's cavalry at Surrey, defeating it, and joining us at Newmarket, and Powell had proceeded to Mount Crawford.

On the 26th, Merritt's Division of Cavalry was ordered to Port Republic and Torbert to Staunton and Waynesboro, to destroy the bridge at the latter place, and in retiring to burn all forage, drive off all cattle, destroy all mills and everything that would cripple the rebel army or Confederacy. Torbert had with him Wilson's Division of Cavalry, and Lowell's Brigade of Regulars. On the

27th, while Torbert was making his advance on Waynesboro, Merritt was ordered to make a demonstration on Brown's Gap to cover the movement. This brought out the enemy (who had been re-enforced by Kershaw's Division, which came through Swift-run Gap) against the small force of cavalry employed in this demonstration, which he followed up to Port Republic, and which it crossed in some force. Merritt's instructions were to resist an attack; but, if pressed, to fall back to Cross Keyes, in which event it was intended to attack with the main force, which was at Harrisonburg, and could be rapidly moved to Cross Keyes. The enemy, however, advanced with his main force only to Port Republic, after which he fell back. That day Torbert took possession of Waynesboro, and partially destroyed the railroad bridge, but about dark, on the 28th, was attacked by infantry and cavalry, returned to Staunton and Frouther's to Bridgewater by the way of Springhill, executing the order for the destruction of subsistence, forage, etc.

On the morning of the 28th, Merritt was ordered to Port Republic to open communication with Gen. Torbert, but on the same night was directed to leave small forces at Port Republic and Swift-run Gap, and proceed with the balance of his command (his own and Custer's Division) to Piedmont, swing around from that point to near Staunton, burning forage, mills, and such other property as might be serviceable to the rebel army or Confederacy, and on his return to go into camp on the left of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, which were ordered to proceed on the 29th to Mount Crawford, in

support of this and Torbert's movements. September 29th, Torbert reached Bridgewater, and Merritt Mount Crawford. On the 1st of October, Merritt re-occupied Port Republic, and the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps was moved back to Harrisonburg, remaining in camp until the morning of the 6th, when we commenced moving back, stretching the cavalry across the valley from Blue Ridge to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, with directions to burn all forage, and drive off all stock, etc., as they moved to the rear, fully coinciding in the views and instructions of the Lieutenant-General that the valley should be made a barren waste. The most positive orders were given, however, not to burn dwellings. In this movement the enemy's cavalry followed at a respectful distance until in the vicinity of Woodstock, when they attacked Custer's Division and pursued it as far as Louisbrook, a short distance south of Fisher's Hill. We had been annoyed by Rosser's Cavalry, and Sheridan halted the army and ordered Torbert to go and wipe out Rosser's Cavalry, and he would let the army rest and see him do it. On the morning of October 9th, Brig.-Gen. Merritt, commanding this division, was on the back road at Tumble Run. These two roads, as a general thing, are parallel, and from two and one-half to three miles apart. Brig.-Gen. Custer, being about six miles from Brook Creek, was ordered to move at daylight back on the back road, and attack as soon as met. Brig.-Gen. Merritt, being near Brook Creek and the enemy, was directed to move, about 7 A.M., one brigade in the pike, and two brigades between the roads, and connected with

Brig.-Gen. Custer and the brigade on the pike. The enemy's force was as follows: On the back road, under Gen. Rosser, three brigades, from three thousand to thirty-five hundred men; on the pike, under Generals Lomax and Bradley Johnson, one thousand to fifteen hundred men.

Gen. Custer's guns were heard early in the morning, on Brook Creek, and Brig.-Gen. Merritt moved to the attack, and to make a connection with Gen. Custer; Col. Lowell, commanding reserve brigade, First Division, moved on the pike and attacked Lomax and Johnson; the first brigade, First Division, moved on the right to connect with Gen. Custer, and to attack the enemy on the right flank; the second brigade, First Division, moved in the centre. After a spirited engagement for about two hours, the enemy, seeing that they were being flanked and severely pressed in front, gave way in great confusion, which was immediately taken advantage of by both division commanders. The enemy endeavored to rally several times, but were unable to stand the desperate charges made by Torbert's men, and they were driven in a perfect rout for twenty miles; the First Division (Brig.-Gen. Merritt) on the pike pursuing them beyond Mt. Jackson; the Third Division (Gen. Custer) in the back road, pursuing them beyond Columbia Furnaces.

The First Division (Gen. Merritt) captured five pieces of artillery (all they had on the road, except one), their advance ambulances and wagon trains, and sixty prisoners.

The Third Division (Gen. Custer) captured six pieces of artillery (all they had on the back road), all of their headquarter wagons, ordnance, ambulances and wagon trains.

There could have hardly been a more complete victory and rout. The cavalry totally covered themselves with glory, and added to their long list of victories the most brilliant one of them all.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Battle of Cedar Creek. — Gen. Wright in Command. Midnight March from Fisher Hill. — Surprised by the Rebels. — A Wonderful Flank Movement Successfully Accomplished.

ON the morning of the 10th, the Nineteenth Corps and the Eighth Corps continued their march from Strasburg Pike to Cedar Creek, going into camp on both sides of the pike. The Sixth Corps marched from Strasburg on the Front Royal road toward Manassas Gap. This was the first day's march of this corps to return to Gen. Grant at Petersburg. It was the intention that it should proceed through Manassas Gap to Piedmont east of the Blue Ridge, to which point the Manassas Gap Railroad had been completed, and from thence to Alexandria by rail; but on Sheridan's recommendation that it would be much better to march it, as it was in fine condition, through Ashby Gap, and thence to Washington, the former route was abandoned, and on the 12th, the corps moved toward Ashby Gap.

Everything remained quiet, but reconnoissance toward Fisk's Hill was the order of the day. On the 12th, Thoburn's Division of the Eighth Corps had moved in that direction without discovering any signs of Early.

The men were eating their dinner, the officers were sitting at the table drinking hot coffee, when that peculiar whizzing sound came through the air, and a large shell dropped near the tent. Another and another followed in quick succession. The long roll was sounded, and the line was formed with Wells' Brigade on the left and Harris' on the right.

Early had pushed through Fisher's Hill to Hupp's Hill and opened fire on the dinner party. The two brigades quickly descended the slope and started for the guns, but Early was in force, and throwing out Conners' Brigade of Kershaw's Division, drove Harris back, but Wells' Brigade did not know this until Conners had gained his right flank, and he had to retreat lively. Our loss was between two and three hundred, the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts losing over one hundred. The gallant and brave Col. Wells of this regiment was killed at this time. This sudden and unexpected movement of Early's was of the utmost importance to us, for if Early meant more fighting with a large force, Sheridan did not want to weaken his force by letting the Sixth Corps go. An aide was instantly despatched to Gen. Wright with orders to return immediately. The corps was just fording the Shenandoah River opposite Ashby Gap. They were at once faced about, and arrived at Cedar Creek at noon on the 14th, taking position on the right and rear of the Nineteenth Corps, ready to move to any position where they might be needed.

The Union position was an echelon of three lines, posted on three separate crests of moderate height. The

left and most advanced crest was held by the Army of Western Virginia; the central one, not a mile in the rear of the first, by the Tenth Corps; the right and rearmost by the Sixth Corps. Crook commanded the first step of the echelon, Emory the second, Wright the third. Behind Crook's left, and at right angles to it, guarding against turning movements from that quarter, lay a force about equivalent to a brigade, known as Kitching's Provisional Division. The fronts, and to some extent the flanks of the Army of Western Virginia and of the Nineteenth Corps, were strengthened by breastworks of logs and earth with batteries in position. Between these two commands ran the Strasburg and Winchester pike, the great highway of this part of the valley. The entire echelon occupied by the infantry and artillery, was at least three miles in length, in addition to which the rolling country on the right of the Sixth Corps was occupied by Torbert's superb Cavalry. In front the position was impregnable except by a surprise, and to turn it was an enterprise so dangerous that it was hardly dreaded.

Gen. Sheridan determined to visit Washington, and on the evening of the 15th, he started, taking the whole of the cavalry with him. On his arrival at Front Royal, Gen. Wright of the Sixth Corps, who was left in command of the army, sent the following despatch to Sheridan, which was taken from the rebel signal flag on Tree-Top Mountain:

"Be ready to move as soon as my re-enforcements reach you, and crush Sheridan's army.

(Signed) LONGSTREET."

If Early should be strongly re-enforced it might cause us considerable trouble on our right flank, I shall make every preparation to guard all the important points.

(Signed) WRIGHT.

On the receipt of this despatch, Sheridan sent back all of the cavalry, and ordered Gen. Wright to close in. Col. Powell's Cavalry to cover the left flank of our army. But Wright neglected to close in Powell, and Early's army moved at midnight. Silence was essential to success. Canteens and dippers were left behind for fear their rattling would betray them to the pickets. Forty pieces of artillery were massed at Fisher's Hill, ready to move at the first sound of battle, for an earlier advance might give the alarm by the rumbling of heavy wheels at midnight over the macadamized road. Early accompanied Kershaw's centre column.

The column came in sight of the Union camp-fires at about 4 o'clock. The moon shining brightly, the white tents of the Union army were in full view of Early's men, who were shivering in the chill night air. The Confederate Chieftain gathered his commanders and staff about him, and pointing to the Union camp, explained to them thoroughly the movement of each brigade and division. This was to be the last council, not to meet again until Sheridan's army was annihilated and destroyed.

The Union camps on the hills and the creek were slumbering. Jackson's old Corps and a brigade of cavalry was stealing along the base of the mountain, to gain the rear of the Union camp. At 5 o'clock, Kershaw moved forward; the report of musketry on the Confeder-

ate left, told that Ross' Cavalry were on the back road to attack Custer, and this was the signal for the attack. Kershaw quickly moved down the creek, and the moon vanished from sight, caused by a thick fog, and under its cover the Confederates pushed on.

There was a moment indeed, when the audacious column trod on the brink of destruction. About 2 o'clock in the morning, the pickets of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery, serving as infantry in Kitching's Division, heard a rustling of underbrush and a muffled trampling. Two pickets were relieved and sent into camp with the information. Gen. Crook ordered his command to be on the alert, and most of the front line went into trenches. But there was not a private in the army, and hardly an officer, who believed that the often-beaten and badly-beaten Early would venture an attack. No reconnoissance was sent out to see if the alarms were well founded; the gaps in the front line caused by the detachment of regiments on picket were not filled up from the reserve; and when the assault took place, it found many muskets unloaded.

Under cover of the firing, Kershaw's column swept through Crook's pickets without responding to their scattering musketry, and took most of their provisions. The men in the trenches, unable to see what was going on, and receiving no timely notice from the outposts, fired too late, or, caught with unloaded rifles, did not fire at all.

There was a bloody struggle over the breastworks, but it did not last five minutes. Through the unmanned

gaps in the lines poured the rebels in a roaring torrent, and then came a brief massacre, followed by lasting panic and disorganization. Less than a quarter of an hour of that infernal musketry and yelling, which we heard so plainly and understood so imperfectly, changed the gallant Army of West Virginia — that army which had charged with such magnificent success at Winchester and Strasburg — into a mass of fugitives, hurrying back upon the position of the Nineteenth Corps.

There were regiments, indeed, which fought with a steadiness worthy of their ancient reputation, but no considerable nor continuing line of resistance was established anywhere after the first break, and the rebel advance was only checked to re-form. No daybreak rush of moccasined savages was ever more silently, rapidly and dexterously executed than this charge of Kershaw.

The Second Battalion of the Fifth New York Heavy Artillery was taken on the picket line almost entire; and the resistance of the whole command was so momentary that, while it lost seven hundred, it had hardly one hundred killed and wounded.

Now came the turn of the Nineteenth Corps to fight alone. The Army of West Virginia had temporarily disappeared as an organization, and the Sixth Corps was menaced by cavalry and light artillery, covering no one knew what force of infantry.

The Third Brigade, Second Division, were the most advanced troops of the Nineteenth Corps. The First Maine Battery was on the knoll at the right of the brigade. We had cooked our breakfast, and were standing

around the camp-fire waiting for the order to fall in, as we were ordered to go on a reconnoissance with the rest of the division, when suddenly the reports of musketry were heard on the right in the direction of the Sixth Corps pickets, then came the volleys and the rebel yell in the direction of the Eighth Corps on the left. We immediately took position in the earthworks in front of our camp.

A four-gun battery opened fire from the direction of the brick house on our right, their shell and solid shot raking our camp. The First Maine replied to them, guided only by the report and flash, for the fog was so heavy and thick, nothing could be distinguished twenty yards away. Gen. Dan McCauley of Indiana, commanding the brigade at this time, ordered a detail to go over the earthworks, down the hill to the creek. It fell to my lot to be one of the detail, and over the earthworks, and through the abattis, and creeping close to the edge of the creeks, the panorama of the rebel army was in full view. A line of infantry coming down the hill slowly in our front. Artillery and wagons on the pike near the bridge. Fording the creeks below the bridge was the rebel army, moving in the direction of the Eighth Corps. With a glance I took in the whole situation, and having no desire to visit rebel prisons, I did n't linger long, but hurried back to report. There had been no musketry firing up to this time in our front. Telling Gen. McCauley the position, and then reporting to the First Maine Battery, which still kept up the artillery duel on the right, telling him that the rebel army was at the

bridge, turning his guns in that direction, we could hear the shell crashing through the covered way. Reaching my regiment, the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, the fog had lifted so as to disclose the rebel line in our front.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Battle of Cedar Creek. — The Morning Conflict. — Cavalry Ordered to Left Flank. — Vermont Troops Check the Rebels. — The Army Marching to a New Line in Good Order.

WE immediately opened fire on the rebels, and they replying, made things lively. Soon came "Zip! zip!" from our rear. Gen. Dan McCauley ordered his aide, Lieut. H. E. Macomber, to go to the rear and tell the First Division to stop firing in our direction, as we were still holding our earthworks. He went quick, but he came back quicker, and reported that the rebel army was crossing the pike in our rear, and the shots came from them. He did not tell them to stop firing, for he did n't think they would care a d—n. The firing coming heavier in our front and rear, we could n't hold out long. The First Maine Battery started to save their guns, and they had to go down a steep hill in their rear, as the Johnnies objected to their going the regular way. Some of their guns became overturned. They had tried hard to save them, but it was no go. Gen. McCauley being wounded at this time, the order to retreat was given, and we slowly fell back, Macomber

performing a gallant act in taking the wounded General on his horse and carrying him safely to the rear.

Gordon's column, solidly massed, came swiftly up the slope, disdaining to reply to our pickets, and driving them with the mere weight of its advance. Here, as everywhere throughout the battle, the enemy knew our ground perfectly, and in consequence moved over it without wasting their time in reconnoitering, or their troops in skirmishing. It was this amazing rapidity of manœuvre — this audacity which could not be foreseen nor guarded against — that beat us. Gordon's position was now on a broad, bare hill, of which the south-western declivity sloped gently toward the camp of the Nineteenth Corps, and commanded it. From the moment that he held it we were sure to go, for ten thousand men there could easily drive out twenty thousand here, taken as we were in the reverse. The rebel force on this side, including the division of Ramseur and Pegram, was as strong as Emory's, and it was supported by another column almost as numerous, coming up through the woods on our left, and along the pike in our front. The Nineteenth Corps was not only attacked in the rear, but was outnumbered. It might hold on for an hour, and so it did hold on for a hopeless, sanguinary hour, but that was all that mortals could do.

The Twelfth Connecticut fired three volleys at close quarters before it was forced into the retreat. About the same time, Gen. Emory ordered two brigades across the pike with instructions to face toward the crest on which Gen. Gordon was beginning to show himself. The

remaining three brigades of the corps continued at the breastworks. A roar of musketry from the woods told us that McMillan's Second Brigade, First Division, had opened its struggle, but did not tell us how hopelessly it was outmatched, flanked on the left by Ramseur, and charged in front and on the right by Kershaw.

Gen. Molineaux ordered the second brigade, Second Division, into the rifle pits, and detached the Twenty-second Iowa and the Third Massachusetts Cavalry to support the battery which commanded the pike in front of the bridge. By this time a battery of the enemy, directly in front on the other side of the creek, opened a fire of shell upon us, and the mist breaking from the valley, discovered a line, apparently prepared to attack us. It was not long before a fire of shell, enfilading our line from the left, with another directly in our rear, and a sharp musketry fire from the same direction (the position occupied by the Eighth Corps) showed us that the enemy had outflanked us. We sheltered ourselves as much as possible in the rifle-pits and awaited orders. In the meantime, the troops on our left and the batteries passed us, together with the two regiments of this brigade which had been sent in support of the batteries, all apparently striving toward the pike (these two regiments mentioned rejoined us subsequently), and finding that we were completely outflanked, that the retreat was general, and that the men were rapidly falling from a fire they could not return, and that a line of battle was being formed in the rear by the Sixth Corps, we moved out by the flank in good order, detaching the Eleventh Indiana,

by order of Gen. Emory, to hold the hollow and stone wall near the headquarters of the Second Division.

Two advanced brigades were pushed back by the fire which came up the pike. Gordon's Division was now deployed at the crest, stretching far behind, holding a mound in rear of grounds where both Sheridan and Emory had pitched their headquarters. It could clearly be seen that the battle on our present line was lost beyond redemption — was, indeed, already roaring and smoking half a mile to the rear. The Sixth Corps was pushing toward the woods behind the headquarters, and endeavoring to regain possession of the pike, but with doubtful prospects of success. Gordon, extending constantly by the right, and supported by the full force of Ramseur and Pegram, seemed to be outflanking them as he had previously outflanked us. Except the two brigades of Birge and Davis, all our Nineteenth Corps, unable to rally on an uncovered slope, was retreating across the front and toward the right of the Sixth Corps. The struggle to retain possession of our camp was over. Birges' and Davis' Brigades filed in good order down a stony slope overgrown with thickets, forded Cedar Creek and mounted the irregular height on the right of the Sixth Corps. Here they formed line of battle along a low crest, over which Kershaw's bullets were singing.

In front of us, firing from the undulating plateau which we had just quitted, we could see the rebel infantry. For a few minutes, the battle was sharp here, and then it slowly swept rearward again. It was Early's continually extending right which turned us.

Gen. Birge was in the rear of his brigade, and looking toward the pike ordered a retreat. The Sixth Corps was retiring, and we were in danger of being enfiladed. A thousand yards further to the rear the line again halted, fronted and opened fire, while strenuous efforts were made to re-organize the mass of stragglers who were sauntering across the fields toward Winchester. Chase's Battery, and what remained of Tafts', went into position, and for an hour the battle raged with fury, our men standing to their work with the persevering courage of veterans, and then once more went slowly to the rear, the movement commencing inevitably on the left, where the Sixth Corps was anew outflanked by that indefatigable Gordon. Fifteen hundred yards further back we again turned at bay. The men hastily gathered rails and and threw up rude field-works under a long-range fire of the enemy's artillery. The Nineteenth and Sixth Corps were united. We had succeeded, at last, in dragging our left flank out of the grasp of Gordon. We were in condition to fight a defensive battle.

Ramseur and Pegram, who were on the right confronting the Union left, but not flanking it, for at last we were clear of their flanking columns, finding that they could not push the Union lines any farther, sent word to Gen. Early that they must have some assistance, and accordingly Gen. Warrington, who had just crossed Cedar Creek, was ordered to their support, and they once more advanced, but the second division of the Sixth Corps, under command of Gen. Lewis Grant, with the Vermont Brigade in the centre, a part of the first division,

Nineteenth Corps, on the right, watched the advance of Ramseur, Pegram and Warrington. Grant ordered his men to wait until they came to close quarters. Then the orders, "Fire!" "Charge!" and right gallantly went the old second division of the Sixth Corps; back for quite a distance went the three divisions of rebs. This was the first check that they had had since morning. Early immediately placed fifteen pieces of artillery in position on a hill covering the retreat of his division, and commanding Grant's position. Gen. Wright, at this time, sent an order to fall back, and the old war horse, with his brave and sturdy Vermonters, reluctantly obeyed.

Gen. Wright, commanding the army, ordered the whole cavalry force to move from the right to the left of the army; but Gen. Torbert, on his own responsibility, left three regiments to picket the right, and to this fact thousands of our men were indebted for their safety, for this brave man held this position against great odds for five hours.

The First and Third Divisions, Generals Merritt and Custer, were ordered to the left of the army. Merritt's Division was put in position across the pike just north of Middletown. Custer was formed on the left of the First Division. The first brigade, Second Division, Col. Moore commanding, was formed on the left of the Third Division. The Horse Batteries, B and L, Second Artillery, U.S.A., Lieut. Taylor commanding, was left on the right, fighting on the infantry line, where it did admirable service, and was the last artillery to leave the front.

Too much praise cannot be given to the officers and men of this battery, for their coolness and gallantry on this occasion. When the infantry was forced back, and the battery was obliged to retire, it joined its brigade on the right of the pike, where it immediately went into action. As soon as the cavalry was in position on the left of the army, they attacked the enemy. Col. Lowell, commanding reserve brigade, First Division, dismounted a part of his little band, and they advanced to a strong position behind a stone wall, from which the enemy's infantry failed to drive them after repeated attempts. The cavalry fought infantry and artillery only on the left of the army.

About 12 o'clock, M., the cavalry was moved to the left about three hundred yards, thus bringing it on the left of the pike. Thus matters stood with the cavalry until about 3 P.M., holding on to their ground with more than their usual dogged persistence, displaying gallantry which has never been surpassed, while the infantry was re-forming several miles on their right and rear.

During this time the second brigade, Second Division, Col. Powell commanding, fell back slowly (by order) on the Front Royal and Winchester pike to Stony Point, and then to a point near Newtown, followed by the rebel Gen. Lomax's Division of Cavalry, where they remained during the greater part of the day. Col. Powell thus prevented the enemy's cavalry from getting on the pike to attack our trains in the rear.

On the left the battle was going well for us; in fact, it could not be otherwise with the cool and invincible

Merritt on the ground, supported by such soldiers as Devens and Lowell.

At this time the first brigade, Second Division, was temporarily under the orders of Gen. Merritt, who was constantly annoying and attacking the enemy whenever an opportunity presented itself; although his men were completely within range of the enemy's sharpshooters, his shot and shell, and many a horse and rider was made to bite the dust. They held their ground like men of steel; officers and men seemed to know and feel that the safety of the army, in no small degree, depended upon their holding their position, and they can never receive too much credit for the manner in which they did their duty. The rebels felt this check, and Early became very anxious, for demoralized troops that could meet and drive back his three divisions, was a warning which he must heed.

We supposed we should make a stand in this position. But we had been driven off the pike; and as it was necessary to recover it before we could consider our communication secure, Gen. Wright again ordered the whole army to retreat. No longer disturbed by the fire of the enemy, the line filed into columns of march by regiments.

The columns were three miles from the point where the fight had commenced, and we had lost one battle; we had lost camps, line of earthworks, twenty-four guns and twelve hundred prisoners; we had not been routed, but we had been badly beaten. The battle of the morning and of the afternoon were two different combats.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Battle of Cedar Creek. — Sheridan's Ride. — Battle of the Afternoon. — A Brilliant Word-Picture. — Defeat of Early. — Victory for the Union Troops.

IN the meantime, Sheridan had returned from Washington, staying one night at Winchester. On the morning of the 19th, the Lieutenant in charge of the pickets reported to him that there was heavy artillery firing in the direction of Cedar Creek. Thinking that it was only a reconnoitre which did not amount to much, he ordered his breakfast, and soon after started for the front, riding out on the pike. When he came to Mill Creek, he for the first time recognized that something had happened, for some stragglers and wagons were coming toward Winchester. Asking an officer in charge of the train what was the cause of this movement, he soon learned of the disaster of the morning. Immediately grasping the situation with that quick perception with which he was gifted, he ordered the train packed, and a line of guards to stop stragglers, and telling the men to face the other way, he rushed up the pike. Meeting more men, he told them to face about and follow, and he would lick the whole d—n rebel army. When he got

there, the men knew him, and with a cheer they turned and marched toward the front. Every man felt the inspiration of this leader.

While this singular transformation was going on in the rear, the army was not idle. Gen. Wright had ordered the line once more to fall back. We had just taken up our new position, when away back in our rear we could hear a faint cheer. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer it came, the troops in line wondering what it could mean, and still the cheering was coming nearer and nearer. It reached the line of battle on the pike, passing from regiment to regiment, division to division. Flags were waving, men were throwing their hats high in the air, shouting for joy, for we now had a leader. We had seen him at Opequan and at Fisher Hill, and knew now that there was to be no more retreat.

Sheridan first ordered the army to the last position it had just left. It was only a short distance in advance. The whole army felt the electric effect of the movement. It was the first advance of the day. No more retreating. We were advancing and Sheridan had ordered it.

Col. Moore, commanding First Brigade, Second Division, was ordered to join his division at Newtown, and Col. Powell, commanding the division was directed to shove out a strong force to hold the Front Royal and Winchester pike. About this time, in a charge, the gallant but lamented Lowell received a severe wound in the arm and side, but still kept his saddle.

Gen. Torbert, was ordered to send one division of cavalry on the right of the army, and Gen. Custer's

Division was immediately sent to that position, where it arrived just in the nick of time, for the enemy had just succeeded in crossing — infantry and cavalry — over Cedar Creek, on the right of the army. But the gallant Custer was equal to the emergency. He immediately charged the cavalry, and drove them about a mile in the most beautiful manner behind their infantry support, from which they did not show themselves in force again during the day.

Then for two hours Sheridan rode along the front, studying the ground and encouraging the men. "Boys, if I had been here this never should have happened," he said in his animated, earnest way. "I tell you it never should have happened. And now we are going back to our camps. We are going to get a twist on them. We are going to lick them out of their boots."

The Sixth Corps held the pike and its vicinity. On the right the Nineteenth Corps was formed in double line, under cover of a dense wood, the First Division on the right, the Second on the left. The line threw up a rude breastwork of stones, rails and trees, covered by the advanced line and by a strong force of skirmishers stationed in front, but still within the forest.

For two hours all was silence, preparation, reorganization and suspense. Then came a message from Sheridan to Emory that the enemy in column were advancing against the Nineteenth Corps, and shortly afterwards the column appeared among the light and shadows of the woods, making for the centre of our second division. There was an awful rattle of musketry, which the forest

re-echoed with a deep roar, and when the firing stopped and the smoke cleared away, no enemy was visible. Emory immediately sent word to Sheridan that the attack had been repulsed.

"That's good! that's good!" Sheridan answered, gaily. "Thank God for that! Now, then, tell Gen. Emory if they attack him again, to go after them and to follow them up, and to sock it to them; give them ——. We'll get the tightest twist on them yet that ever you saw. We'll have all those camps and cannon back again."

All this with the nervous animation characteristic of the man, the eager and confident smile, and the energetic gesture of the right hand down into the palm of the left at every repetition of the idea of attack.

At 3.30 came the orders to advance the entire line, the Nineteenth Corps to move in connection with the Sixth, the right of the Nineteenth to swing towards the left, so as to drive the enemy upon the pike.

The enemy's left was his strongest point, Kershaw's Division and Gordon's, which had moved from Early's right, and Rosser's Cavalry, which had crossed Cedar Creek on the back road, being supported by successive wooded crests, while his right ran out to the pike across undulating, open fields, which presented no natural line of resistance.

Sheridan's plan was to push them off the crest by a turning movement of our right, and then, when they were doubled up on the pike, sling his cavalry at them across the Middletown meadows.

With a solemn tranquility of demeanor our infantry rose from the position where it had been lying, and advanced through the forest into the open ground beyond. There was a silence of suspense; then came a screaming, cracking, humming rush of shell; then a prolonged roar of musketry, mingled with the long-drawn yell of our charge; then the artillery ceased, the musketry died into sputtering bursts, and over all the yell rose triumphant. Everything on the first line, the stone walls, the advanced crest, the tangled wood, the half-finished breastworks, had been carried. The first body of rebel troops to break and fly was Gordon's Division, the same which so perseveringly flanked on our left in the morning, now flanked by our own first division of the Nineteenth Corps.

After this there was a lull in the assault, though not in the battle. The rebel artillery re-opened spitefully from a new position, and our musketry responded from the crest and wood which we had gained.

Sheridan dashed along the front reorganizing the line for a second charge, cheering the men with his confident smile and emphatic assurance of success, and giving his orders in person to brigade, division and corps commanders. He took special pains with the direction of the Nineteenth Corps, wheeling it in such manner as to face square towards the pike, and form nearly a right angle to the enemy's front. The same movement was developed here as at Fisher Hill — a left half-wheel. So close did Sheridan make the wheel that we came under the fire of the Sixth Corps for a short time. The cavalry did their part in a truly lively manner.

It was in this general advance that Col. Lowell of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, while charging at the head of his brigade, received a second wound which proved to be mortal. Thus the service lost one of the most gallant and accomplished of soldiers. He was a gallant cavalry officer, and his memory will never die in the command.

In the general advance, Gen. Custer, commanding Third Division, left three regiments to attend to the cavalry in his front, and started with the balance of his division to take part in the advance against the enemy's infantry. Thus the cavalry advanced on both flanks side by side with the infantry, charging the enemy's line with an impetuosity which they could not stand.

Now came a second charge upon a second line of stone walls, crests and thickets, executed with as much enthusiasm and rapidity as if the army had just come into action. Remember that we had eaten nothing since the previous evening; that we had lost our canteens and were tormented with thirst; that we had been fighting and manœuvering, frequently at double-quick, for nearly twelve hours, and that we were sadly diminished in numbers by the slaughter and confusion of the morning. Remember that this last battle was retrieved without a re-enforcement. Only veterans, and veterans of the best quality — disciplined, intelligent and brave — could put forth such a supreme effort.

The battle was over. Cavalry on the flanks and infantry centre, the second line was carried with the same rush and with even greater ease than the first.

Again Early's army was "whirling up the valley" in more helpless confusion this time than after Winchester or Strasburg, no exertions of the rebel officers being sufficient to establish another line of resistance, or to check even momentarily the flow and spread of the panic.

But the fighting soon swept far ahead of the tired infantry, which followed in perfect peace over the ground that during the morning it had stained with the blood of its retreat. Dead and wounded men, dead and wounded horses, dismounted guns, broken-down caissons, muskets with their stocks shivered and their barrels bent double by shot, splinters of shells, battered bullets. The number of slaughtered horses was truly extraordinary, showing how largely the cavalry had been used, and how obstinately the artillery had been fought.

It was nearly dark when our corps reached its camps. No new arrangement of the line was attempted. In the twilight of evening the regiments filed into the same position that they had quitted in the twilight of dawn; and the tired soldiers lay down to rest among dead comrades and dead enemies. They had lost everything. Their shelter tents, knapsacks, canteens and haversacks had been plundered by the rebels, and they slept that night as they fought that day, without food. But there was no rest for the enemy or for our cavalry. All the way from our camps to Strasburg, a distance of four miles, the pike was strewn with the débris of a beaten army, and the scene in Strasburg itself was such a flood of confused flight as no other defeat of the war can parallel. Guns, caissons, ammunition wagons, baggage

wagons and ambulances by the hundred, with dead or entangled and struggling horses, were jammed in the streets of the little town, impeding alike fugitives and pursuers.

CHAPTER XXX.

Gathering in the Spoils. — Thanks of Congress. — The Second Division Ordered to go to Savannah, Ga. — Great Destruction of Property in the Shenandoah.

THE victory was pushed, as Sheridan pushed all his victories, to the utmost possible limit of success. The cavalry halted that night at Fisher Hill, with Gen. Dwight's First Division, Nineteenth Corps, at Hupp's Hill, but started again at dawn, and continued the chase to Woodstock, sixteen miles from Middletown.

The amount of material captured in this victory was extraordinary. Forty-nine pieces of artillery, of which twenty-four had been lost by us and re-taken, while the others were Early's own. In addition, the rebels lost fifty wagons; sixty-five ambulances, some of them marked "Stonewall Brigade;" sixteen hundred small arms, several battle flags, fifteen hundred prisoners, and two thousand killed and wounded. Our loss was, Sixth Corps, killed, wounded and missing, twenty-two hundred and twenty-five; Nineteenth Corps, twenty-four hundred; Eighth Corps, eight hundred and fifty; cavalry, two hundred and twenty-four. Total, five thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

Of all the retrieved battles in history, this one seems the most remarkable. It is more wonderful than Shiloh, in this respect, that the abandoned arena was re-gained by the very men who lost it, without other aid than their own unwearied courage, guided by a master spirit. The only re-enforcement which the Army of the Shenandoah received, or needed, to recover its lost field of battle, camps, entrenchments and cannon, was one man — P. H. SHERIDAN.

The rebel army rested in its entrenchments on Fisher Hill, but long before dawn, retreated to Newmarket. Rosser remained some hours as rear-guard at Fisher's Hill, but in his turn soon retreated, sharply pursued by our cavalry beyond Woodstock. He then established his line on Stony Creek, from Columbia Furnace to Edenburg, about half-way between Woodstock and Mt. Jackson. Lomax drew back through the Luray Valley, and took post in the narrow gorge at Milford, which he successfully held against Powell, covering Early's right flank beyond the Massanutten.

November 9th, Sheridan withdrew his army to Kernstown, where it could find better quarters in the waning season, and a shorter line of supply, informed by his scouts of this movement, and thinking it might mean the detachment of troops to Petersburg, the next morning Early massed his whole army from Newmarket, and crossing Cedar Creek, advanced down the pike to Middletown. Sheridan soon had his army in readiness for battle, and directed Torbert, about noon of the 12th, to move out the cavalry corps, Merritt's and Custer's Di-

vision, to the right on the back and middle roads, against Rosser, and Powell to the left, on the Front Royal pike, against Lomax. Rosser was speedily driven across Cedar Creek by our cavalry, while Pennington, in advance, was so hotly pressed that Lomax was moved over to his assistance. Thereupon, Powell, falling upon McCausland's Brigade at Stony Point, routed it, driving it completely across the Shenandoah, and through Front Royal up the Luray Valley, capturing its two guns and several caissons and ammunition wagons, besides twenty officers, two hundred and twenty-five men and two battle flags. Dudley's Brigade of the Nineteenth Corps, and a skirmish line of the Sixth Corps moved out in support of the cavalry, advancing three miles from the intrenchments, and the whole army was ordered to be on the alert for the 13th.

Early had withdrawn under cover of the night, his rear guard of infantry being slightly harassed by Merritt. He returned to his camp at Newmarket the 14th. Sheridan sent word to Grant on the following day, that Early's army had increased in numbers, and his inspection reports indicated a large infantry force, but that he had withdrawn from Middletown.

At the beginning of December, Lee called for the return of his Second Corps to Petersburg, for campaigning in the valley was ended; whereas, it was still possible at Richmond. Grant called for the Sixth Corps, and both bodies started a division at a time. Not long afterward, Early broke up his camp at Newmarket, leaving cavalry pickets and a signal party on Tree-Top

Mountain, and moved his remaining infantry, Wharton's Division with the artillery and cavalry, back to Staunton for winter quarters. December 9th, two brigades of the last division of the Sixth Corps left Kernstown, and Warner's quitted Monocacy the 12th, so that by the middle of the month the whole corps was again with the Army of the Potomac, adding new laurels to their grand record. Crook's command next departed, one division to City Point, and the other afterwards to West Virginia, to check the enemy's operations there. At the close of the year Sheridan had left of infantry only the Nineteenth Corps. The following spicy order was issued by Sheridan: —

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION.

The citizens of Winchester, and all other citizens within the lines of this army, are hereby notified that there is a legitimate channel, via the flag of truce, for communication with people in rebellion against the government; that all communication must go by this channel, and that it is best not to violate this order.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

The following is the amount of property destroyed by Sheridan's army in the valley: One hundred and one pieces of artillery, eighty-three artillery carriages and limbers, thirty-five caissons, five thousand and sixty-seven small arms, two anvils, twenty-three thousand rounds of artillery ammunition, one hundred and twenty-eight double sets of artillery harness, seven medical

wagons, one hundred and thirty-seven ambulances, one hundred and thirty-one wagons, ten hundred and six sets of harness, forty-nine battle flags, ten hundred and forty sets of horse equipments, four thousand two hundred and forty horses, one million and sixty-one thousand rounds of small-arm ammunition, five hundred and fifty-three mules, fourteen thousand one hundred and sixty-three small arms, three saltpetre works, eight saw mills, three box cars, one powder mill, six distilleries, one locomotive, seven furnaces, one hundred and twenty flour mills, one railroad depot, one woollen mill, twenty-three hundred barns, four tanneries, eight hundred and seventy-four barrels of flour, twenty-two thousand bushels of oats, four hundred and sixty thousand and seventy-two bushels of wheat, fifty-one thousand three hundred and eighty tons of hay, one hundred and fifty-seven thousand and seventy-six bushels of corn, five hundred tons of fodder, sixteen thousand four hundred and thirty-eight beef cattle, two hundred and fifty calves, four hundred and fifty tons of straw, sixteen thousand one hundred and forty-one swine, twelve thousand pounds of bacon, seventeen thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven sheep, ten thousand pounds of tobacco, three factories, two thousand and five hundred bushels of potatoes, nine hundred and forty-seven miles of rails, one thousand six hundred and sixty-five pounds of cotton yarn.

The campaign of the valley was closed, and the Nineteenth Corps was to separate, after two and a half years. The First Division was placed in the department at Washington. These are the joint resolutions, tendering

the thanks of Congress to Maj.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan and the officers and men under his command: —

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress are hereby tendered to Major-General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, and to the officers and men under his command, for the gallantry, military skill and courage displayed in the brilliant series of victories achieved by them in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and especially for their services at Cedar Creek, on the 9th day of October, 1864, which retrieved the fortunes of the day, and thus averted a great disaster.

And be it further resolved, That the President of the United States be, and hereby is, requested to communicate this resolution to Major-General SHERIDAN, and through him to the officers and soldiers under his command.

Approved February 9th, 1865.

Ordered by the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

The Second Division, under command of Gen. Grover, was ordered to Savannah, Ga. Marching orders were received January 5th, and before daylight the next morning the division was groping its way through the silent streets to the outskirts of the town, where it awaited the arrival of the train at Stephenson's Station, five miles from Winchester. We were obliged to wait several hours in a cold rainstorm while the train was being made up. Then we were packed close in cattle cars. We rode to Baltimore, reaching that city on the morning of the 7th. Upon arriving at Baltimore the division

was quartered at Camp Carroll, near the old camp from which we had departed over two years before.

The second division, Nineteenth Corps, left Camp Carroll January 13th. Marching through the streets of Baltimore, we took transports at the wharves. Stores were taken on board at Fortress Monroe, and at 3 P.M. on the 15th, the fleet took its departure for the South, arriving at the mouth of the Savannah river on the 19th.

No large ships had been up the main channel through the obstruction since the occupation of Savannah by Gen. Sherman, and the undertaking was a delicate one. The men crowded the rigging and deck, barely giving the pilot a chance to see his course; but had it been generally known that there were seventeen torpedoes still in the harbor, between the anchorage and the city, curiosity might not have been so active.

The passage of the obstruction was successfully made, and the city reached before dark. The warehouses, the wharves, and the few citizens seen, all had a decayed, broken-down look, and the fog hanging over the river added to the gloominess of the scene. On the Mississippi and in the Shenandoah Valley, the men had seen the destruction produced by actual conflict; where the shot and shell had whirled through the air, and plunged into storehouse and dwelling. Here they saw the effects of war on the prosperity of a thriving commercial city, which had seen no battle horrors, but which had been shut up within itself to live on its own resources.

At this time Savannah presented a scene of desolation sad to behold, even in an enemy's country. Pools of

green, stagnant water, stood in the principal streets, the beautiful squares had been stripped of their railings and fences to build the shanties of Sherman's troops, who were encamped all through the city. The houses, as well as the stores, were closed and apparently tenantless. The broad avenues were deserted, except by passing soldiers.

The night of January 27th the arsenal was set on fire, causing great destruction of property, and March 4th the brigade, under command of Col. Day, was placed on transports and sailed for Cape Fear River, running up as far as Wilmington. Returning, we passed Fort Fisher, arriving at Morehead City on the 8th. We found cars waiting, and rode to Newbern. April 9th found us at Goldsboro. under command of Gen. Birge. Then came the news of Lee's surrender, and we could see the dawn of peace.

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